

THE GREAT



December, 1940

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THE GRAIL

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A Christmas Legend

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

I have a strange story to tell you,
A story that's never been told,
A tale of devotion and wonder
That I tell as December grows old.

'Twas an evening quite late in December
And cold blew the wind on the moor,
When soft as the dripping of water
There came a soft rap on my door.

I rose from my chair by the fireside
With my heart beating fast as could be,
With my voice choked up with emotion
And my heart with timidity.

As I opened the door to the knocking
My eyes beheld a rare sight,
For there stood a mother and baby
Trembling with cold in the night.

From her shawl to her poor worn sandals
That rested upon the white snow,
The mother was regal and lovely,
Her voice full of music and low:

"O, My friend," she spoke very softly:
Lest she wake up the babe on her breast;
"May we tarry a little while with you,
For we're tired, and in need of the rest."

I opened the door with a gesture
And I gave the poor mother a smile:
"My loneliness here will be broken
If you both tarry here for a while."

She crossed with her babe to the fireplace
And seated herself on the chair,
And I marveled in reverent wonder
That I knelt down behind them in prayer.

I felt like a man with a vision
That gripped me with fervor and love.
For it seemed to my extravagant fancy
That the couple had come from above.

I bowed down my head with devotion
Lest I break the charm of this sight
And wake to my poor empty homestead
Alone, all alone in the night.

Then came a light touch on my forehead
The touch of a soft baby hand,
And I marvelled to see that the infant
Before me in person did stand.

Without any help from his mother
He had crossed the room to my place,
And now ran his soft little fingers
Caressingly over my face.

With a surge of soul-felt elation
I clasped the tite close to my heart,
And I felt in that moment of rapture
A peace from this world apart.

For I held in my arms Christ the Saviour,
Redeemer of heaven and earth,
And the lady was Mary His Mother
Who gave us the Christchild in birth.



Rockne (Pat O'Brien) and Gipp (Ronald Reagan)

AS YOU read this, thousands and thousands of young Americans will be marching—not to war and blood and death—but the length and breadth of the nation's football fields.

And as the gridiron season gets under way, there will be showing in the theatres of the land the life story of the great American who did so much to bring the game of football to the important position it occupies in the United States today—Knut K. Rockne, head football coach at the University of Notre Dame until his death in an airplane crash March 31, 1931.

The story behind "Knut Rockne—All-American" is in itself an absorbing tale of difficulties overcome, obstacles surmounted and crooked paths made straight before the saga of the great coach and gentleman could be brought to the screen.

Warner Bros., pioneers in filming the biographies of the great—Zola, Pasteur, Juarez, and Dr. Ehrlich—were faced with the problem of recreating a man whose face and voice and actions were known to thousands now living, a man dead less than ten years. An actor depicting the great Rockne who did not look and talk and act like the Notre Dame coach would be laughed out of the theatres of the nation.

Luckily, the Warners picked Pat

The Story behind "Knut Rockne All American"

Richard Charles

O'Brien for the title role. Pat had been a hit as Father Duffy, chaplain of the "Fighting 69th" and his work as the priest in "Angels with Dirty Faces" had evoked wide admiration. Besides, Pat is, as was Rockne, a devout churchman, and proud husband and father. Even though he attended Marquette University in Milwaukee, rather than Notre Dame, "Rock" had always been one of Pat's personal heroes. When he was asked to play the part he was tickled pink. What he went through preparing to bring Knute Rockne to life on the screen will be a revelation to those who think Hollywood's actors are overpaid.

To begin with, Pat tipped the scales at around 185 pounds, whereas Rockne weighed 169 pounds. Just like Joe Louis preparing for a championship bout, Pat went into strict training under the supervision of Mushy Callahan, old time lightweight boxer. Daily rounds of handball, followed by a medicine ball workout, with road work in the country, to say nothing of rigid dieting, especially the elimination of

starchy foods, brought the desired result. In 30 days Pat was down to the Rockne weight.

To the problem of looking like Rockne, whose broken nose was his trademark, O'Brien devoted more than 100 hours to tests for the makeup that finally resulted in a near-perfect duplication of the famous coach's features. Perc Westmore, of the famous Westmore brothers of Hollywood, and chief makeup man at Warners, took personal charge of the difficult task of making Pat O'Brien, the dark Irishman, look like Knute Rockne, the almost bald, blond Norwegian. And of course the makeup had to be changed to conform with Rockne's altered appearance during the years from 1910 to 1931—the period of O'Brien's portrayal.

Mrs. Bonnie Skiles Rockne, widow of the coach, was highly pleased with her first glimpse of O'Brien as the young Rockne.

"You look so much like Dad in the days of our courting that I almost expected you to make love to me," she told the highly pleased O'Brien.

Although many books have been written on Rockne's life, Warner decided that his own autobiography should be the basis of the screen story and rights to it were acquired for a substantial sum. And his widow was drafted as technical advisor and acted in that capacity both in Hollywood and South Bend.

The actual writing of the script was in the hands of Robert Buckner, veteran film writer and former New York sports editor, who devoted more than a year to extensive research on Rockne, including several weeks in South Bend conferring with Mrs. Rockne and officials of the university.

More than 1400 Notre Dame alumni from points as far away as Cape Town, South Africa, sent the studio suggestions and anecdotes concerning the famous coach and his career.



Knute, the boy

THE GRAIL

It finally got to the point that a sign was made and hung in the production office at the studio, reading:

"Thanks, we know it is true. But it is impossible to include all the Rockne incidents in one picture."

Day after day, night after night, O'Brien studied pictures of the great coach, while in a special projection room he had run off every newsreel shot of Rockne that could be obtained. But his biggest aid was the phonograph record of the famous Rockne "fight talk," made between halves to one of his teams in a crucial game. Always, Pat had to keep in mind that he was playing Rockne from age 26 to his death.

Of course, at Warners' sound stages at Burbank, California, and on the Loyola University field, where a lot of the shooting was done, everyone told Pat he looked like Rockne. This was satisfying, coming from such people as Mrs. Rockne, J. Arthur Haley, Notre Dame athletic manager, loaned by the university as technical advisor; Nick Lukats, who made the last touchdown for a Rockne-coached team in 1930, and Marty Brill, former Notre Dame star and now Loyola's head coach.

But what would they say at South Bend? What would they say of the coal at Newcastle? If the makeup was wrong; if the voice was not Rockne; if the great idol was not properly portrayed, South Bend would know it—and so would Pat O'Brien.

Then came the trek from California to the middle west and when the train pulled into Rock's own town, O'Brien knew the day of reckoning was at hand. As he said later: "I was on the spot and I knew it."

Without makeup, as the weather was too poor that day for outdoor filming, O'Brien appeared before the 3000 Notre Dame students in the two dining halls and talked to them with the voice and the mannerisms of their beloved Knute Rockne. Also present were Head Coach Elmer Layden and his staff, and members of the university faculty. These older men had known "Rock" intimately even if the youngsters knew him only by reputation.



Rockne telling the boys between halves

And when O'Brien finished his speech by giving the famed Rockne "fight talk," the men of Notre Dame, young and old, were on their feet as a unit, amid deafening applause.

Layden, one of the original "Four Horsemen" was thrilled.

"Next time you do that, Pat" he said to the star, "have the door open or I'm liable to charge right through it. How did you do it? That was 'Rock' one hundred per cent!"

Other pals of the great mentor joined Layden in approving O'Brien's handling of the part. These included Line Coach Joe Bolland, End Coach Joe Benda, and Assistant Coach Bill Carney, dubbed by Rockne his "fifth horseman."

A few days later when outdoor shooting commenced and O'Brien appeared on the campus in his makeup, Rockne's old friends were unanimous in giving their "o.k."

Later, after shooting was on in earnest, he was invited to address a banquet group, which included Miss Florence Rockne, youngest sister of the coach.

Although not in makeup, O'Brien acceded to a request that he finish his talk with excerpts from two scenes of the picture.

When he had finished, Miss Rockne came to him, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"I could not have believed it if I had not heard it," she said, grasping O'Brien's hand. "That was my brother talking."

While Warners wanted to make not just another football picture but the life story of a great gentleman and American, no expense was spared to make the gridiron parts of the film letter perfect.

Director Lloyd Bacon had as his first assistant Jesse Hibbs, former Southern California tackle and All-American, who played against Rockne-coached teams in the twenties. Nick Lukats, besides playing the part of Harry Stuhldreher, one of the "Four Horsemen," was also technical advisor on the Notre Dame style of play. As authority for the early days style of football was Jim Thorpe, the famed Carlisle Indian star, who had played against Rockne as a young fellow in college. In the picture, Thorpe played the part of an assistant coach to Rockne.

Real characters, both dead and living, abound in the picture. In addition to O'Brien and Gale Page as Knute and Bonnie Rockne, there are George Gipp (played by Ronald Reagan), Gus Dorais (Owen Davis Jr.), Father Julius Nieuwland (Albert Basserman), Elmer Layden (Kane Richmond), Jim Crowley (Billy Byrne) and Don Miller (Bill Mar-



Working in the Chicago postoffice (before college)

shall), the last three of whom, with Stuhldreher (Nick Lukats) were the famous "Four Horsemen."

Elmer Layden, one of Rock's star products, and now head coach at the old school, had the unique distinction of dual representation in the film. As a player at Notre Dame he is portrayed by actor Kane Richmond and in the closing sequences he appears as himself with the 1940 fighting Irish squad.

Four other famous coaches—all great friends of Knute Rockne—appear in the picture—Amos Alonzo Stagg, Howard Jones, Bill Spaulding and Glenn (Pop) Warner.

Donald Crisp, the veteran character actor who first came to the screen in the days of D. W. Griffith, was fittingly cast as Father Charles Callahan, president of Notre Dame. This is a fictional composite of Father John Cavanaugh and Father Charles O'Donnell, two great priest-presidents of Notre Dame during Rockne's years on the campus as boy and man.

A thrilling highlight of the picture is the Army-Notre Dame game of 1913. The cadets had scheduled the unknown Irishmen from the middle west as a "breather" between two important games. Little did the future generals know that the new Notre Dame captain, one K. K. Rockne, and his roommate and pal,

Gus Dorais, had spent the entire summer as lifeguards and waiters at Cedar Point, a Lake Erie resort, and that when they weren't slinging hash they were slinging footballs around the landscape.

Came the great day at West Point and when the battle was over the scoreboard revealed Notre Dame as victor by a score of 35 to 13. Most of the Irish scores came from a devastating forward pass combination—Quarterback Dorais to End Rockne.

Strange to say, Rockne was not always the vigorous, dynamic public speaker the public was to know at the height of his fame. Watching O'Brien play a scene in the president's office, Mrs. Rockne commented favorably upon his embarrassed diffidence.

"Dad"—she always called her husband by that name—"was just like that in his younger years," she told O'Brien. "He was diffident, almost to the point of having an inferiority complex. Recognizing that he must overcome this trait for the good of his career, he studied public speaking and deliberately cultivated self-confidence." She also revealed that his aid and mentor in this self-imposed task of becoming a great public speaker was Father Cavanaugh, then president of the university.

From his marriage to the handsome Boonie Skiles in 1914, Rockne was always the model husband and entered into his fatherhood with great zest. Four splendid children were born of this happy union—William (1915), Knute Jr. (1918), Mary Jeanne (1920) and John Vincent (1926). All four children live with their mother in the family home at South Bend, and all appeared in their father's life picture as atmosphere players.

The funeral of Knute Rockne, actually held in beautiful Sacred Heart Church on the Notre Dame campus April 4, 1931, was authentically re-enacted for the camera by special permission of the Notre Dame authorities. But twice before have motion pictures been taken in this imposing edifice—newsreel shots of Rockne's funeral and the consecration of Bishop John F. O'Hara.

In the marvellous spirit of co-operation extended at all times to the producers of the picture by the officers and faculty of Notre Dame, priests and professors, the famed Moreau Seminary choir of sixty voices, more than 500 undergraduates and nearly 100 South Bend residents assisted with and participated in the re-enactment of the funeral before the camera. Stage electricians, brought from Hollywood, spent a whole day placing huge sun arcs and incandescent lamps to give the church interior the effective lighting of a motion picture setting. And yet the entire scene is shot through with dignity and reverence.

Many a tear will course down many a cheek throughout this land of ours when Donald Crisp repeats the stirring words of Father O'Donnell's funeral oration.

Knute Rockne comes alive in this great picture at a time when the world needs to think more of men of his caliber. To millions of folks he was more than a football coach; he was an idol and an inspiration whose very name was a symbol for clean sports and fine sportsmanship. Let us hope this film will bring home to all Americans the great Rockne motto: "Play the game clean on the football field—and you'll play it clean throughout life!"



Leaving for California and death

Catholic America Begins to Stir

Damasus Winzen, O.S.B.

EVERY Catholic is proud of the great cathedrals which centuries ago were built as a sign of the triumph of the Christian faith and Christian life over all the powers of this world. Down to our day they remain as burning torches kindled by hearts which were glowing from enthusiasm for Christ and for His Church. Who built them if not the people, the thousands and thousands of unknown humble people who knew that all the happiness they have in this world and in the other, they owe to the altar of Christ. There is their home. There is their heaven. The love for the altar of Christ built the cathedrals. These people were our fathers in the faith. They are our brethren and members in the same body of Christ. The same fire that burned in them, burns in us; and so, the monuments they built are our heritage. The first national Liturgical Week held at Chicago recently shows that American Catholics are eager to claim their heritage.

The Liturgical Week in itself, gave practical evidence that the altar of Christ has still the power to form a living Christian community. The attendance increased from day to day. Hundreds of Priests, sisters, and laity were present—from California to Maine, from Louisiana to Minnesota, and from Canada. At one of the sessions I was sitting near an open window and heard some people passing by remark: "Look! How attentive they are!" And that was really true: all those who attended the conferences had the feeling that something was going on in which they were vitally interested. There was not much show, not much oratory, no "prominent" speakers, no exciting statements. But everything that was done and said touched the very foundations of our daily life as Christians. Again and again you could hear both priests and laity, the latter in ever increasing number and with newfound courage, coming up to the microphone during the discussions and expressing how deeply they were moved and how intensely interested they were in the different subjects. For myself, I could not refrain from telling the audience in the last discussion that although I had been very actively engaged in the Liturgical Movement in Germany for many, many years, I had never had any experience

quite as encouraging and inspiring as this first Liturgical Week in Chicago.

For someone who has but recently come to this country from the Continent, it is both surprising and consoling to learn how Catholic life in this country blends all the ideas from various Catholic nations to a new harmonious unity. This is especially evident in the Liturgical Movement here in this country, which already has a history in several of the European nations, and it is very interesting to see how the various countries made their contributions towards the Liturgical Movement according to their own peculiar character.

The French tendency is in the direction of "spirituality." They were the first to rediscover the value of the Liturgy for the spiritual life. In 1840 Abbot Guéranger of Solesmes began to open the treasures of the liturgical year to the faithful in the many volumes of his *Année Liturgique*. In more recent times Abbot Marmion from Maredsous inspired thousands of priests and laity by his wonderful meditations on Christ living in His Sacraments. In Belgium and Holland the Liturgical Movement became more "practical" when Father Lambert Beaudoin, O.S.B., formerly a Socialist and deeply imbued with the noble spirit of Belgium's social Catholicism, showed in his famous little book, *La Piété de l'Eglise*, the enormous importance of the Liturgy and of the liturgical revival for the betterment of social conditions.

At the conferences in Chicago, all of these aspects were there: the spirituality, the social meaning, the study of the Liturgy, but with a practical approach. All the various topics were centered around the idea of the *Living Parish*. The first papers explained the historical and the canonical meaning of the parish and its functions. Other papers showed how one becomes a member of the parish through Baptism and Confirmation. The second day the conferences were devoted to parochial worship through the Mass, through the Divine Office, and other public devotions. Only the last two papers dealt with the artistic expression of parochial worship in chant and in liturgical art. It is immediately evident that the Liturgical Week did not consider the

Liturgy under any formalistic aspect. There was no formalism at all, no artistic formalism, no rubrical formalism. The liturgical revival does not want to restore an external sacramentalism incompatible with the modern mind. It strives for just the opposite effect, that is, to overcome any formalism which exists when forms are repeated and ceremonies performed whose meaning is completely forgotten. It became clear to every pastor attending the conferences that in order to be "liturgical" it is not necessary for him to turn the altar around or to buy new ample vestments. He might start in a much simpler and less expensive way by cleaning up the Baptistry and the baptismal font. Instead of an old towel he could have the Sisters make a nice clean baptismal gown for the baptismal ceremonies, a real symbol of the new life in Christ. In other words, everything he does for the deeper understanding and the more adequate celebration of Holy Baptism is an important step toward a liturgical revival in the parish.

The Sacrament of Baptism is the door to the living parish. The active participation of the faithful in the prayer of the Church is the flowering of the living parish. We are baptized in order to worship God through Christ. The prayers of his flock will one day be the jewels in the heavenly crown of the pastor. Certainly one of the most urgent problems for everyone entrusted with the care of souls in our time consists in building up the life of prayer in the Christian family of our day. The Christian family is the cell of the living parish. On it depends not only the life of the nation but the future of the Church as well. Not long ago our parents went to Vespers every Sunday afternoon. Today, Vespers have been almost universally abandoned. Not long ago there was no good Catholic family without the Rosary or some other prayers said in common. The custom is rapidly falling into disuse. With the amount of time spent on the things of God rapidly dwindling, the clergy realize that the one Mass on Sunday is not enough to counteract the tremendous influence which modern life, with all its excitement, distraction, and interests, exerts on the minds and hearts of the faithful. Help is needed. The Mass must find some continuation during the day and throughout the week.

It certainly came as a surprise to most of the priests present when at one session on lay-participation in the Divine Office they learned that in many of the big cities, like New York, Chicago, St. Louis, groups of lay people exist who come together at certain times to recite part of the Divine Office in common. And how many there are who say parts of the Office privately every day in their home! The

translation of the Office into English by the nuns of Stanbrook in England makes the Divine Office accessible to those who are not versed in Latin.

At Chicago, we all felt like one large family and everyone present deeply enjoyed the recitation of Compline in unison after the last session each evening. We had never seen each other before. There were priests, religious, and many lay people gathered there. Although there had been no practice or rehearsal beforehand all went remarkably well. At a slight cost, anyone can purchase the text of Compline in English translation and make it the family's night prayer. Or if that seems too difficult they could say the "Nunc Dimittis" or simply the "Preces." How easily could the Rosary Society meetings, the Holy Name, the Altar Society be used to infuse into the minds and hearts of the faithful the idea of the family being a little church, a little parish in itself and bound to serve the Lord in common prayer. It would not take long to make them love some of the most common of the liturgical prayers of the Church, such as the *Magnificat*, the *Benedictus*, and certain of the Psalms.

It is impossible to give a complete account of all the papers, of all the various ideas and inspirations that one received at the Liturgical Week. Nor will it be necessary, for the proceedings with the discussions and the papers will be printed and made accessible to all those interested. But let us sum up in a few words the central idea of the Liturgical Week. What is the *Living Parish*? It is certainly more than an organization, more than a pious club. Nor is a parish where many activities are always in progress, such as Bingos, card parties, bazaars, necessarily a living parish. The parish gives to its members the life of Christ. You become a member of the parish not by paying a certain amount of money or renting a pew, but by being reborn in the baptismal font, which is the womb of the parish. You become a full member of the parish by receiving the fullness of life, the Holy Ghost, in abundant plenitude in the Sacrament of Confirmation. If you see a community of Christians where the fullness of life which they have received becomes active in the common offering of the Holy Sacrifice at the altar of Christ through their pastor and with their pastor, and where the spirit of charity which they receive from Our Lord's Table becomes efficient in taking care of one another when it is needed, *there you have the living parish*. In it the families become little churches and the individual souls live and pray in the spirit of the Church. This is not a dream nor an idea, nor is it utopian, for we have the Risen Lord and His Spirit living with us and in us by His Sacraments. Therefore, we shall be able to build cathedrals as long as the earth stands.

BETWEEN THE LINES

with

H. C. McGinnis

Morality by Legislation

SEVERAL states are considering new laws to make divorce a better institution. One can imagine the downright importance felt by the legislature as they sit in solemn assembly to establish a new code of morality. Previous attempts to establish by state statute those sins which shall be legal causes for divorce and those which shall not evidently haven't worked out so well, so they are going to legislate a reclassification of sin. These attempts to establish degrees of sin by legislative ukase come plainly under the head of rendering unto Caesar something which is not Caesar's; but man seems slow to learn that character can not be built by civil statute, nor can a people legislate spiritual advancement. Our late Prohibition amendment proved legal restrictions can never take the place of spiritual and moral education and training and, in the end, did little more than confess a weakness in our moral standards.

The divorce rate in the United States should be a matter of vital concern to everyone, for the continued tearing down of the marriage standards so carefully and patiently established by the Church through the centuries will bring this nation into a state of paganism with surprising swiftness. The marriage and divorce antics of a large percentage of Americans must be a constant source of wonder to the man in the moon. It is a new version of the "touch and go" system. They touch the nuptial bond and go immediately to the divorce courts. Today men and women display previous marriages with the same pride aborigines displayed scalps and with about as much civilization. The man in the moon, or any other heavenly observer, must become awfully bored with us at times. We insist upon kicking experience in the face every time we turn around. A school child knows polar bears can not live at

the equator any more than gorillas can live at the Poles, but that man can go from place to place and adjust himself to any condition through human intelligence. He also knows the ability to adjust himself has brought man to his present state of advancement. Yet look at the millions of so-called intelligent Americans who forget all about adjustment when it comes to marriage. Oh, mental cruelty, what divorces are obtained in thy name!

We know history proves conclusively a disregard of proper morality has always been a main contributing factor in the downfall of great peoples. Yet, with the experience of thousands of years to guide us, we follow with blinding speed the destructive steps which have brought mighty civilizations to the dust of oblivion. Yes, the man in the moon must be terribly bored by our utter stupidity when, with astounding inconsistency, we demand a better way of life on one hand and totally disregard the methods of obtaining it on the other.

It is a known fact that legislatures do not originate trends but follow them. Legislative trends are products of public opinion and public opinion can hardly be overburdened with morality or spirituality in a nation in which nearly fifty per cent of the people have little or no religious affiliations. When a people insist upon taking away from spiritual bodies the supervision of its morals to turn it over to political bodies, the results can be seen far in advance. We are too smart a people to really expect to obtain a higher moral and spiritual standard by acts of legislature, for moral and spiritual advancement comes through education of the individual. We must spread among our neighbors an understanding of the falsities so commonly accepted as the underlying causes of divorce.

For instance, we must show our neighbors it is not poverty which

creates a large divorce rate among those in the lower economic brackets. The majority of this country's earliest settlers were as poverty stricken a lot as the world has ever seen, yet they welcomed divorce with the same enthusiasm they welcomed finding a copperhead in their beds. Poverty loses its edge in the presence of proper spiritual and moral values. We must show our neighbors the high divorce rate among those in the upper brackets is wrongly ascribed to fashion and a desire for "the newer freedom." Let us tell them the real reason lies in the startling fact that only 1½ per cent of our urban children are born to parents with income of \$5000 a year and above. Again a wrong conception of the true purposes of life is the one and only answer. Legislation can accomplish many things but it is absolutely powerless to legislate into human minds a proper spiritual and moral understanding. You and I are responsible for the spiritual and moral complexes of our communities.

It's Not Democracy!

WHEN Lord Beaverbrook, British Minister for Aircraft Production, called upon British housewives to give up their aluminum pots and pans to help out in vital aircraft production, the response was so noble and generous there is cause to wonder if the British are living on sandwiches. But our applause for their sacrifices changes to cries of "chumps!" when we learn that Lord Beaverbrook has a brand new Grumman G-21, twin motored amphibian tucked away in a hangar at Red Bank, New Jersey. Air craft of this type are priceless for anti-submarine work in the waters surrounding Britain but evidently Lord Beaverbrook feels a personal conveyance should the Nazis take after him more important than helping ward off strangulation of the British Isles, with a resulting loss of British free-

dom. The striking picture of Britain's noble fight is marred when we see national leaders like Lord Beaverbrook forcing the British commoners to carry them piggy-back while they fight to the bitter end for liberty and civilization.

But probably the hard pressed British gets a relieving chuckle when his journalists point the finger at the United States. When they look this way they see a country willing to gamble its impregnability by turning over the biggest part of our war material production to Britain when we need it so badly ourselves. The American citizen, nobly suppressing his squawks when he sees part of his none too large air force being sent to Britain in addition to 75% of all new production, corresponds in the picture to the patriotic British housewife lugging her last skillet to the supply depot. These people form the inspiring part of the picture; men like Lord Beaverbrook and Secretary Morgenthau form the part not so nice to look at. For, in spite of the shortage of training craft for the thousands of pilots we must produce, Secretary Morgenthau has at his disposal a big, twin motored Lockheed "Lodestar" which is assigned to the Coast Guard Service. This ship, costing around \$85,000 of money raised by taxes, is used by the Secretary and his friends for week end excursions continually. With its pilot, co-pilot, and mechanic, government paid men, and its luxurious fittings which include even an ice box, it forms a personal excursion service for the Secretary and his friends while our air officers ask themselves where they are going to get the planes to train the men we need so desperately for national defense. Of course the "Lodestar" isn't a new chapter in the Secretary's social life; the "Lodestar" simply replaces the smaller Lockheed "Electra" worn out in similar service.

The personal use of government property is a form of racket and should be suppressed as any other racket. It causes, in government officials, the wrong state of mind when government officials are permitted to usurp, for their private use, materials which are sorely need-

ed for national good. Since the responsibilities for proper functioning of a democracy fall upon the shoulders of individual citizens, it is their duty, not only to themselves but to future generations of democratic Americans, to insist, through their Washington representatives, that our public officials remain public servants and not public over-lords. It was the French army's discovery of government shenanigans that caused it to decide its government wasn't worth defending and we see the result. It was things of this kind that made Communism possible in Russia and other countries. And what the British commoner would do if he learned about Lord Beaverbrook's Grumman in Red Bank wouldn't be nice to see; but British censorship will take care of that for the time being. So let Americans profit by the example and clean up these messes in times of peace; before their disrupting influence by discovery during times of critical danger brings us to face a loss of confidence in the American way of life.

Profiteer's Gold Mine

MOST Americans realize in a successful democracy the "all for one and one for all" spirit must prevail; but, unfortunately, there are some who have already begun to cash in on the aroused patriotism of their fellow men. The new defense taxes open a virgin field for profiteering and despite the vivid lessons of what happens in democracies when dollars win out over ethics, some have seized the present crisis as a get-rich opportunity.

When European events cast threatening shadows over the western hemisphere, we cheerfully agreed to pay the biggest peace time tax item ever shouldered by any people. The Federal Government accordingly looked around for revenue and increased, among other items, its liquor tax 75¢ a gallon, or about 19¢ a quart. The average retailer sells one ounce of ordinary liquor for a dime and an increase of 1¢ an ounce, of 10% of the retail price, would produce 168% of the tax increase. The excess 68% is unavoidable, for we have no coins representing fractions of cents; but many retailers have

met the increased tax by charging 15¢ for the usual 10¢ drink, sticking roughly 4.4¢ into their own pockets in addition to the usual profit. On a gallon they give Uncle Sam 75¢ defense tax and take an additional 5.65 for their pains in collecting it. 10¢ beer, with a defense tax of less than 1¢, has been raised in places to 15¢.

Since such increase is 8½ times the amount of the defense tax, it requires no genius to see that if the entire defense expenditures were to be paid by liquor taxes alone, the public would, under the above procedure, pay at the rate of 105 billions in increased charges to liquidate an indebtedness of 14 billions, at the same time putting 91 billions into the pockets of retailers in increased profits over and above their regular profits. When Americans are forced to pay \$6.40 increase on a gallon of liquor retailed by the drink in order to give their government 75¢ in defense taxes, there is something awfully putrid in the land of the Yanks.

In some instance the retailers make out they are justified in doing this, but a fair and impartial examination of the facts reveals they aren't. In some states there is a liquor relief tax. When this relief tax was imposed, many retailers absorbed it instead of raising their prices. This was done mainly because of keen competition, for when a few, anxious to increase their business, offered to absorb the tax the others felt compelled to follow along for business reasons. Yet many of the same dealers who stoutly insisted the public would not stand a 1¢ increase to feed the needy and destitute, now ask a 5¢ raise—of which about 4½¢ goes into their own pockets—simply because they see American patriots cheerfully putting their hands into their pockets for defense purposes. Some of them even offer the silly excuse that Americans don't like to deal in pennies and prefer to pay out nickels instead. Since when?

Profiteering in the liquor business is not the sole field of this evil. The Federal increase on cigarettes amounts to ½¢ a package. Obviously, in single package sales, an increase of a full 100% over the in-

Echoes from OUR ABBEY HALLS

THE GREAT move to get new recruits for Uncle Sam's enlarged Army also reached St. Meinrad's. Father Meinrad and Mr. Leo Diehl received appointments as officials for the registration here at the Abbey and Seminary. Our numbers would make a fine contribution to the nation's quota of young men. Including Fathers, Brothers, Seminarians and students there are in our institution 207 men subject to the law of one year's military training. According to a special provision of the law, the clergy and those students preparing for the clerical state are exempt from training for the present. This exception enables our Seminary to continue the year's work without danger of losing professors and students. One Brother, three Seminarians, and two students have already received notice that their "number" has been called. These military preparations right in the ranks of our own men make the war something more than newspaper headlines and radio bulletins.

The evening of October 30th found the anticipated spirit of Halloween in evidence at the Minor Seminary. This annual party is one of the highlights in the social calendar for the year. The decorating committee made a full "blitzkrieg" on the farm to secure realistic decorations for the college gym. They certainly created an ideal setting for the party. The

Sixth Class revealed its latent dramatic talent in a rival of Al Field's minstrel show that they staged. Clarence Schlachter had the musicians all primed for the first appearance of the College Orchestra this school year. That weird, spooky Halloween spell was cast over the audience by the appearance of the crystal-gazing witch. She seemed especially interested in the future of some of the professors. All her woeeful predictions were forgotten at the welcome news that she saw refreshments for the audience. And the witch was right! Father Cornelius closed the program by telling the boys a very thrilling ghost story.

The wind of political oratory in the recent campaign stirred up storms in our peaceful student life. Our student body includes representatives from a number of states. Thus the Seminary is a melting pot for a variety of political opinions and prejudices. Favorite topics of discussion so dear to all boarding school students yielded place to the pro's and con's for the presidential candidates. Opposing camps never became more violent in their attacks than the rapid fire of warm words. Some of our misguided brethren who insist that there is no liberty of thought or freedom of expression in the Church should have attended these political discussions. On election night special permission was

granted for the Seminarians and students to listen to radio reports on election returns.

Another chapter in the history of St. Placid Hall began on Friday, November 8th. The large class of newcomers that entered at the beginning of the fall term were invested with the Oblate Habit. Father Joachim, the Director of the school, prepared the boys by conducting a day's recollection before the investing service. Father Prior Placidus blessed the Habits and invested the new Oblates in the crypt of the Abbey Church. These Oblates are now beginning their three years' training for the Benedictine Brotherhood. The large class includes: Andre Ronan, Alpine, Indiana; John Bauer, Wilmette, Illinois; Marion Bimmerle, Louisville, Kentucky; James Horn, Evansville, Indiana; Jerome Prante, Louisville, Kentucky; Patrick Tutts, Washington, Indiana; William Martin, Conception, Missouri; Edward Junius, Chicago, Illinois; Raymond Eckels, St. Louis, Missouri; Francis Kiesler, New Salisbury, Indiana; Gerald Knight, Fort Wayne, Indiana; Gerard Korte, St. Louis, Missouri; Harold Lewandoski, St. Louis, Missouri; Vincent Mannino, DuQuoin, Illinois; Robert Miller, St. Louis, Missouri; Bernard Padgett, Washington, Indiana; Richard Rosner, St. Louis, Missouri; George Thompson, Indianapolis, Indiana.

creased tax must be added, since we have no half cent coins. Those dealers who do not care to profit at patriotism's expense are perforce accepting the additional $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ on single sales, but in cases of two-package sales are increasing the previous price by only 1¢ for the two packages, thus adding the exact amount of the Federal increase. But others are doing much better for themselves. Some vending machine operators are charging an additional 2¢ a package, giving Uncle Sam an additional $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ and taking 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ for themselves. In other words, on each sale they are collecting an addi-

tional 300% over the new tax. If the new defense budget were to be paid by cigarette taxes all sold at the above 2¢ increase, the public would be required to pay four times the amount of the defense budget in increased prices, three times the amount of the defense budget going to the retailers. The vendors use the excuse that this increase is due to the added cost of handling and collecting the new tax. If this be true, then vending machine cigarettes at such prices are an expensive luxury for people who are saving their pennies for defense purposes.

Since these new defense taxes are

only the first of many, it is imperative we begin right if our democracy is to continue safe and sound. Now is the time to stop profiteering before it comes widespread and undermines our national well-being, for it is just as necessary to be on the alert for signs of unpatriotic acts by our own citizens as it is to watch for invaders coming over the horizon. Evidently some of our retailers need an organization to do for retail trade what the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists has done for labor. "Billions for defense, but not a single red for profiteering!" should become a national watchword with teeth in it.

LETTER FROM A SEMINARIAN

Dear Mother and Dad,

Here comes my weekly note to you. You have received eight of them so far. Just to think! Two months have slipped by since I left home for the Minor Seminary. Dad, do you still think I'll last only till November? I smile now when I think of your surprise when I told you about my wanting to be a priest. And Sis's remark: "I'll believe it when I see him leave." I fooled you all, didn't I, by going out for the spring football practice at the High School? I knew then what I wanted to do.

But, Mom, they do have football here, too—not tackle, but only "touch." You get plenty of action in this game. I made the first team. We have a class league, and there's really some rivalry between the classes. Playing here seems different than playing at home. I admit that sometimes when I hear about the big games played by the High School at home, I *almost* wish I could play with them—but that is only a thought, because right away another thought pops into my mind, "After all, football is not life." I wasn't the one who thought of that, because two years ago Brother wrote that sentence to me when his team went to the National Catholic Tournament. Somehow the sentence stuck in my mind. He said "Basketball" instead of "Football."

Thanks a lot for the birthday letters and cards. I took the cake you sent me down to table with me. The eight on our table agreed that someone at home needs no lessons in cake baking.

But I almost didn't get that cake. You had the box addressed to St. Meinrad Seminary. Sure, I'm in the Seminary, but I guess I never told you that there are three big departments here. First, there's the monks. They live in the abbey. Then there are the philosophers and theologians. They live in the Major Seminary. Finally, there are the minor seminarians in high school and junior college. Our mail should be addressed to the Minor Seminary to reach me

promptly. Here we sometimes refer to the students of the Major Seminary as "Seminarians" and those of the Minor Seminary as "Students." We also call the Minor Seminary "The College."

You complained to me that I wasn't telling you enough of my daily life as a student for the priesthood. I guess I just didn't think that this would be interesting to you. But the other day I took some visitors around the grounds and they peppered me with questions.

We get up late every morning—at 5:25. At first I slept through all



Three Worlds Meet

Angelic hosts fly low,
The swirling Seraphim
And Cherubim all know

When the three worlds meet.

The flames that purge the dross
Increase in power, when
The Mystery of the Cross

Makes the three worlds meet.

A priest with Bread and Wine
Stands on the earth and lifts
That sacred mystic Sign

That the three worlds meet.

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.



bells, and there are plenty of them. They tell me the monks get up at 3:40. After hearing that 5:25 seems late. Now I have to beat the bell if I want to get to serve Mass for one of the Fathers in the big Abbey Church. Whenever a Father wants a server, he just pushes a button over in the sacristy. That turns on a light in our corridor and the first one to the bell gets to serve. Believe it or not, Mom, yesterday I dressed, washed, and buttoned up my cassock in—*four* minutes. But I wasn't the fastest, for there were two at the bell before me.

I hope to make things easier for you next summer when you try to wake me for daily Mass. In twenty minutes we must be in chapel for the Communion Mass and the Meditation. We all get to answer the Mass prayers—not just the servers. We call it a *Missa Recitata* or something like that.

You know I like that meditation. Some sleep during that time and I do too sometimes, especially if we were up late the evening before for a play or lecture or something. But if I stay awake I find that it is a good time to think and pray. We've been having some good points lately; they hit you right between the eyes. I need some of that, because I figure I need some waking up in a few things (like algebra!).

Thanksgiving Day is soon. I'm thanking God for giving me *you*. I'll thank Him, too, for giving me a wish to be a priest. I didn't know what I was getting into. I guess no one does. But here the greatness of being a priest just—well just grows on you.

Sorry you didn't get to come up for Band Day. I looked all around for you, but maybe you'll come Thanksgiving. If you do we'll be having that Soup Bowl game with the Major Seminarians in the morning and a movie in the evening. I hear we are to have an operetta the evening before, so we are looking forward eagerly to the day.

There's an argument that's always coming up among us students. What's better, to live in the country or in the city? I'm just learning a thing or two about life in the country. I'm ready to side in with the country boys after two months of life here at St. Meinrad. The trees—you ought to see the trees. The leaves are changing now and I never saw anything so pretty in all my life.

Thanks for the Thanksgiving box I know I'll get.

Your son and brother,
Tom.



PEACE *be to* MEN

by John Thuis, O.S.B.

THERE'S a beautiful story told of six little blue eyes, sparkling as snow in the bright morning sun and gazing through the window watching a figure in the distance. Before racing for the door, they looked again. That must not be Papa, they thought, for he hasn't spoken to our closest neighbor for months, even refusing to do so on Christmas Day. Carefully did they watch. Now he was coming. Yes, it was he. Throwing the door open, they were soon in his arms. Never before had they received a more fervent embrace. As soon as their feet touched the pavement, they were gone as lightning; one to secure his slippers, the other his smoking jacket, while the third helped him off with his overcoat. The last took the long route through the kitchen to tell Mama that Daddy was in the best of humors. Dinner prepared, they seated themselves around the table. All eager to know what caused this change, they listened very attentively as their Father narrated the cause.

After some moments of silence, their Father said, "Knowing that there wouldn't be much doing at the office this morning, I decided to stop in and hear Mass. Seemingly everything went wrong, so I left much earlier than usual. Passing by the church, I felt an inner urge to stop in.

Quietness reigned supreme and peace gradually came upon me. In humble adoration I raised my eyes and centered them on the crib. The Infant Babe appeared all aglow with life. Never before did He seem so real. There He was, a Babe, winning and attractive, stretching forth His tiny arms, asking, begging, pleading for me to have a real talk with Him. All my weaknesses came before me, and one by one I talked to Him about them. Like a

coward I saved the hardest one to last. I told Him I simply could not forgive my neighbor for the things he had said about me. But the Infant Babe argued with me, His silent voice telling me how wrong I was. Well! He won.

As the crib would not remain in church to be my consolation all year He caused me to turn my eyes to the tabernacle where He is constantly present. There, He assured me, He would always be, always ready to have another heart-to-heart talk whenever I should come in.

Before I rose to go the inner voice told me to look up, and my eyes rested on the crucifix. Never before had I realized what the Infant Babe of Bethlehem, now constantly present in our churches, had suffered for mankind, so that everyone could be forgiven. With my eyes glued upon our suffering Saviour, I made two resolutions—one to stop by and speak to our neighbor and become friends with him again, and the other to see that a crucifix will be in every room of our home.

Then can I meditate again on the beautiful example of St. John Gualbertus, who standing before the crucifix on Good Friday forgave the penitent murderer of his brother.

The crucifix will always mean so much more to me now and my home will have them so placed that no matter where I am seated my eyes can now and then drink in the consolation of the crucifix."

Six little blue eyes made their resolution right there. They were going to look for crucifixes in every home they went to, and if they couldn't find any, they were going to ask their Father to buy one, so that they could give it as a present and bring the home up to their Father's standard.

Blessed Martin Walks Again

Gerard Ellspermann, O.S.B.

"VISITORS to Washington usually see only the bright side of the city. How about coming with me this afternoon and I'll show you another side?"

Father Cullinane, a priest after Christ's Heart, stopped a moment and looked with his keen dark eyes at the four of us. We were at table together. On the day before we had made a tour of Washington, visiting some of the high spots—the inspiring Capitol Building, the Library of Congress, the Monument, the White House, Arlington and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. And today we were telling in glowing terms about our tour.

"Will you come with me?" Father asked again.

Before we could say "yes," Father Charles Hagan cast an understanding glance at Father Cullinane.

"Where are you taking the youngsters?" were the words he used. However, there wasn't a question mark in his voice, for he knew before the answer came.

"To Blessed Martin's Home."

"Good! Sorry I can't go along. Got a class at 2:10."

That afternoon, five abreast we strolled down the wide sidewalks of Seventh Street. The five Roman collars (we "youngsters" were clerics in major orders)—white against the black suits caused white to flash against black when a few of the colored men saw us in their almost exclusive quarters of Washington. There were curious eyes, kind and also uninterested eyes directed our way.

We stopped before a barber shop—the address was 1215 7th Street, N. W.

"Here it is!"

"What! this barber shop?"
"No,—look." Father pointed upward. A sign hung from the window of the second floor. It read:

BLESSED MARTIN'S HOME

"Mr. Scott at home?" Father asked a young colored man standing near by.



Mr. Llewellyn Scott

"Yes, Father," he answered respectfully. "I'll tell him you're here. He had already started up the alley stairway, before he had ended the sentence.

"That's Charlie, Mr. Scott's willing helper," remarked Father as we carefully and slowly felt our way up the dark stairway.

On the walk to the Home, Father Cullinane had been talking fast and enthusiastically about this man, Mr. Llewellyn Scott, giving us an idea of his work and great spirit.

Mr. Scott was a negro convert. He belonged to St. Augustine's Parish

of the city of Washington. What was this home we were going to see? Simply this—it was a temporary shelter for the Negro who was unemployed, trying to get a job, but with no place to stay, no place to eat and no money. Llewellyn takes them in, gives them a bed as long as the number on hand holds out, or, at least, gives them space on the floor to sleep and feeds them. The number at the Home vary from time to time; more come to him during the winter. The average number is about 35.

What prompts Mr. Scott in this work? Love of God alone urges him to exercise this great charity to his people.

Mr. Scott has an invalid mother and sister. He filially provides for them and pays the rent on their house. He pays the rent regularly, if somewhat late, for the Home which we were now entering. And how? Well, Mr. Scott confesses that he can't figure that out himself. God was taking care of him, providing him with all the things he needs at the time. He doesn't keep a close record of all the good he does, because he doesn't believe that God cares a whole lot about statistics.

A job at the Government Patent Office keeps him busy in the morning and provides him with the only means of income that he has. In the past he has received some donations to aid him in his work, but these have been few. Some kind friends have given clothes and shoes and food from time to time.

"How he manages to keep going he doesn't know. That man has a deep faith and trust in Divine Providence."

All this Father Cullinane explained as we walked along.

But we were now at the top of the

stairs. In a room facing the street we sat for a few minutes.

"Glad to see you, Father," Mr. Scott smiled broadly as he clasped Father Cullinane's hand. I watched him closely as he was being introduced to us. He was short, his small legs seemed to emphasize the fact. Somewhat bald, he was, I should say, about forty. His features bespoke calmness. A sincere smile played about his lips.

We talked—or better, asked questions and listened as Mr. Scott answered them.

Who were taken into the Home? The unemployed, negro or white. Mr. Scott makes no distinction of persons. Only Catholics? No, the religious belief of a man does not hin-

"A chapel," we said in surprise.

"Yes—see, there's a statue of Blessed Martin de Porres, that great colored social worker. Here, every night all the men gather to recite the rosary in common. Charlie plays the organ, so the men sing hymns."

He sang for us one of the songs in honor of Blessed Martin, after he had called Charlie in to play.

We went through the whole house. All I can say is—here was poverty.

"Your blessing, please, Father," said Mr. Scott when we were about to leave.

Somehow we were all strangely silent as we walked away from Mr. Scott and the Blessed Martin's



The old building of Blessed Martin de Porres Home.

House of Hospitality. We were impressed, but not, it is true, as we were at the Washington most people know.

Two years passed. Several times I was tempted to write about that visit.

This summer three of us, now priests, went again to Seventh Street, stood before the same barber shop. The Home was gone—no, not gone, but only moved to a larger house and a more favorable location. There at 48 I Street, North East, Mr. Llewellyn Scott carries on.



Sitting room of Blessed Martin de Porres Home

der his reception. However, the religious affiliations of those whom he helps in their bodies are asked.

Is the Blessed Martin Home only to help the material needs of these men? Mr Scott answered:

"We do what we can. I have tried to collect some good wholesome books for the men to read. You see them on the shelves here."

We glanced around. There were books of recognized literary value. Catholic books and magazines were very much in evidence.

"Come with me," said Mr. Scott as he arose from his chair. We walked through a hall. Mr. Scott opened a door.



Corner of the Kitchen and Cooks

A Chaplain's Memories

Raymond Rien, O.S.B.

THE AIR seemed charged with war. We had listened frequently to the radio during the day. The Abbot had asked the community to pray for peace—God's blessed peace and tranquillity. The monks assembled for recreation or refreshment of mind and body after toil. The young men asked those who were seniors, if they thought Mr. Chamberlain would be successful in negotiating with Herr Hitler to prevent war. The average Englishman had put great faith and confidence "in the man with the umbrella." Across the ocean, we were told, America was impatient and was asking why does the prime minister Mr. Chamberlain not go to war with der Fuehrer? Premier Chamberlain knew that Britain was unprepared, but Mr. Public thought America would surely come and help curb or restrain the Dictator, just as she did in the previous war. The man in the street, felt certain that President Roosevelt implied that America would assist soon if not immediately.

One of the monks who had just returned from France said that the sentiment there, too, was that America would help her old allies.

Then it happened. Danzig was taken and Poland was invaded. "The dogs of war were let loose."

One of the monks turned to me and said, "You were in the last war, but I presume you will not go again. "No," I replied, "I think this time a younger man will take my place." I sincerely believed I was correct. Imagine my surprise when several evenings later, the Abbot knocked at my door, carrying a message from the Government stating I was to report at the London headquarters where I was to be assigned to my old regiment.

After the usual routine, I was pronounced physically fit and then sent off to Salisbury plains. The colonel was the son of my old commanding officer. He was a chip of the old block and a sturdy Scotchman. Like his father he was a member of the "Kirk."

"Oh Yes"! You represent a small group or sect, but now you are Senior Chaplain." This was his greeting. Thus my duties were assigned to me. Several non-commissioned Officers greeted me. They were Veterans. One of the group was a former penitent. He gave me a hearty welcome.

I was very much impressed by the sober bearing of the young recruits. They did not have the happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care manner which characterized their fathers during the last World War. The first war recruits would go out for a bit of a lark, but these young men came to do their duty, even if it were most distasteful. They were businesslike in all their actions.

When I conducted service the men were quiet, respectful and reserved. Some few were full of faith, while others had a pronounced agnostic manner. I noticed that very few were utterly indifferent.

My first reaction was, they are different. Despite that fact I gave out cigarettes, obtained reading matter, wrote letters for them and tried to arrange foot ball games, etc., but they did not respond like the lads of 1914 to 1918.

The magazines they asked for were not the light, gay literature that their fathers wanted to read. The soldiers of the first war wanted to forget the war, but these lads read every step of the conflict, comparing its results as to progress or loss.

How was I to approach these men of mine? How win them to Christ? Could I make them Servants of Mary? How was I to teach them to hate the wrong but not the wrong doer? To hate dictatorship but not the dictator. How tell men stained with blood, they must carry out their actions as duty, without blood lust? These problems caused me much thought and meditation. I made a double novena to the Holy Spirit and Our Lady of Wisdom, Spouse of the Holy Ghost. Surely the "Father of Wisdom" would give me the key to these perplexing and knotty problems.

One day I asked a leader of one of the three most prominent groups just what we lacked. To my surprise I found his group was interested in the Oxford movement. This is not the famous movement which brought Cardinal Newman into the Church of Rome. This is a new movement led by an American named Buchman. Upon investigation I found the cult very strange indeed. They related their sins and experiences, both spiritual and temporal, to other members. It was different from psycho-analysis. It was supposed to be the first step in spiritual progress.

What a poor substitute for Confession was my immediate thought. I racked my brain to devise something by which I might be of service to them.

In the meantime I approached another clique or group. They were socialists. They were not so radical as some of the communists I heard many times in Hyde Park in London. To this group I tried an approach by talking about Marx. They declined to discuss any of the teachings of the author of "The Capital." One gave this reason, that I being a clergyman was naturally a reactionary and conservative. It was going to be difficult to do anything constructive for these men.

There was another group composed mostly of non-commissioned officers. The second group named them Fascists. These attended the church of England or the Roman Catholic services as a matter of routine. But none came forward to help their chaplain. There were no apostles to be found in this gathering, but I decided to get something started. Instead of preaching I gave each one of this last class a rosary and also a little pamphlet, which gave instructions or directions on how to say Our Lady's beautiful and efficacious prayer. Some of the Established Churchmen took them very gingerly. The Roman Catholics accepted them as a matter of course. I learned later that some of them had their own chaplain bless them over again. This seemed very strange at the time, but now I know they wanted the indulgence attached and gained for the recitation of the rosary.

On my next trip to London I purchased several books of devotion to Our Lady, especially the rosary. Soon we started a rosary band. This was divided into groups of five. Each member recited one decade a day in liturgical order. Then we started public recitation of the rosary twice a week.

Some members of the radicals looked in on us, but of course never joined. Nevertheless they were impressed as I was to learn at a much later date. The disciples of Buchman never came to any of the public devotions to my knowledge. They were busy telling each other how bad they had been, and may I add without violating holy charity they did not apparently get any better.

Things did not run smoothly. There were many arguments between the groups and there were three glorious fist fights. I was glad that we had some militant members. The rosary was our chief weapon, for I had ceased celebrating Holy Mass as I had decided to come into the Roman Catholic Church. Up to this time I was an "Old Catholic" priest and a monk of St. Benedict under the protection of an "Old Catholic" bishop. There was the validity of orders to be considered. Also if we were validly ordained, we had no authority to exercise our

ministry, for one must be duly authorized by some bishop in union with the "Holy See." This was most embarrassing, as I could not avail myself of the sacraments. Yet I daily urged the men to approach the Altar and receive Holy Communion. However I gave general absolution before battle and in case of danger of death from accident or illness, I heard confessions when no other priest was available or where it might disturb the faith of the penitent to refuse to do so.

Each Sunday we had Matins, morning prayers, and a sermon. Men from all faiths attended these services.

As time went on, we had many German prisoners brought to England. These I visited at the various internment camps. I was shocked at the extreme youth of the flyers and parachute troopers. Youths seventeen years of age were full fledged pilots, and among the parachute troops were boys of fourteen. When I mentioned religion, at first—they sneered but later I found out that some were from the Rhineland. I asked about their former good Catholic homes, where God fearing parents said the rosary and family prayers each day. I reminded them of the joyous day when they received Our Divine Savior in Holy Communion for the first time. The shell of atheistic bravado was weakened. They promised to say an "Ave" to Our Lady.

I left some rosaries with a Catholic guard. On my next trip, I learned to my joy the supply was exhausted.

Among the Lutherans I used a different approach. I supplied them with German New Testaments. I also had cards printed with acts of perfect contrition but with no mark of denomination. Some promised to use theirs. Mayhaps some did. I placed them under the protection of "Our Lady, Refuge of Sinners," and daily remembered them in the Divine Office.

Time passed and our battalion went to France. Scores of my lads were killed and wounded. But the sweetest memory of my life will be, many of them died soldiers of Christ—and knights of our Blessed Lady, for they were faithful to the rosary. Many a veteran told me of tight places from which they came out safely because they called on Our Lady to protect them. These were boys from all three groups. "Deo Gratias."

After the retreat of Dunkerque, through the help of American officials I was permitted to resign and come home to the United States, after an absence of over twenty-five years.

But before doing so I made my submission to the "See of Peter," so it was a double home coming, first to the one true Church and also to our glorious America.



Photopress, A. G., Zuerich.

The annual Alpine Donation in the village of Ferden, in the Loetschen Valley, Switzerland, is an ancient custom which was established by that village to atone with a charitable deed for a curse brought on by one of their inhabitants through his greediness. According to this tradition the milk products of one day are divided among the poor yearly on Easter Monday. This photograph shows a young mother and her little girl leaving the Town Hall at Ferden with their gifts.

LONG, long ago the most fertile pasture lands in the beautiful Lötschen Valley, Switzerland, were to be found on the Faldum, Resti and Kummén alps. Throughout the summer there grew on those heights the juiciest and most luxuriant herbs, so that the cows had to be milked three times a day. The dairymen and their families were happy and rejoiced over their possessions, but as their riches increased they gradually began to forget God and boasted instead of their huge cheeses and heavy rolls of butter.

Greedier than any of his fellow citizens was the President of this little mountain settlement. He made his servants work even on Sundays and through dishonesty he soon be-

Two young maidens in the Loetschen Valley, Switzerland, where the styles and customs of long ago still prevail.

Alpine Donation in the Loetschen Valley an ancient Swiss Custom

came master of the finest part of the pastures. After his death his treacherous ways were discovered. From that time on an evil spirit appeared once every summer and vanished with the herds into the mountains for three whole days. Upon their return the hoofs of the cows were terribly sore and for three days their milk was red. Gradually the herbs on the pastures became very scanty and the cows gave less and less milk. The dairy people lost their riches and surmised who the evil spirit was who had brought on their misfortune.

A daring hunter, Treyer Pauli by name, then offered to watch for the guilty one. Since this black terror always made his appearance on one of the first three nights in July, Treyer Pauli started to keep watch before the stables at the end of June. Nothing happened during the first two nights. The third night came, and still all was quiet. There was nothing to be seen, except myriads of stars above and the silvery white foam of the river Lonza in the valley below.

Past midnight Treyer Pauli began to feel sleepy. He watched the stars and reflected that if they fell down on the earth they would start a gigantic fire. He looked and looked. Finally he started counting stars until he became too sleepy to keep his eyes open.



Suddenly he heard a rattling of chains in the stables, also the stamping feet of the herds. Rubbing his eyes he saw a black figure which ran swiftly from one stable to the other. He wanted to make the sign of the cross, but before he was able to do so the evil black dairyman stood at his side applying a salve onto his forehead. With a loud voice the sinister visitor called to the cows to walk up to the Mutthorn. Instantly the animals rushed out, jumping high over fences, tree trunks and other obstacles. Pauli tried to hold them back, but couldn't utter a sound.

In a moment the herds were assembled before the topmost hut, and in another instant they were on their way to the Mutthorn, with the black dairyman shouting commands. Pauli was swept along, across the pastures, through forests, down and up mountains, through fields and over glaciers. This mad flight lasted two days and three nights and on the third morning the cattle were back in their stables, wet, trembling, exhausted and miserable. The dairymen were still asleep in their huts while Pauli felt that he had spent two weeks in purgatory. His clothing was all torn and he was ill and cold. In this condition he remained on the floor, next to the equally sick cows, until the dairymen found him in the morning. All summer long Pauli was dangerously ill; when time came for the descent into the valley he was carried down on a stretcher.

Finally Pauli recovered from his dreadful ordeal. The inhabitants of the village of Ferden who owned the threatened pastures were determined to get rid of the evil visitor. They sent two of their men to the Capuchin monks in the valley and they gave them a white powder to be strewn before each stable entrance. However, the dreadful dairyman appeared again the following summer, but this time only for one night and one day. The powder had not been strong enough. The village then erected a tall cross in the vicinity of the stables and had inscribed on it a bible verse in golden letters. This, too, proved without avail and the well-to-do people now decided to establish a custom whereby the poor of the valley were to receive each year all the milk products of one day. After the establishment of this fine custom the evil dairyman returned no more.

The Alpspende, as this Alpine donation is called, takes place up to the present day, yearly on Easter Monday. Every poor person who calls at that time at the Town Hall in the village of Ferden, is given his portion. During a friendly gathering in one of the rooms he or she also receives a slice of white bread, commemorating the wheat which the cows brought back in their hoofs after their wild flights, and a drink of red wine in memory of the reddish milk they gave for three days afterwards.



The village of Eisten in the Loetschen Valley, Switzerland

The Gentleman desires Peace

by QUENTIN MORROW PHILLIP

CHAPTER VI

SUNDAY MORNING!

An expensive sedan stood parked across the street from St. Sylvester's Church. In it sat Irene Dumont, watching the crowd gather for the ten o'clock mass. Donna Roselle, in a chatty moment during the week, admitted she knew the doctor and declared she often saw him there at the eight o'clock mass on Sundays. So Irene sat there since about seven-thirty, hoping she would see him and contrive to be with him at the holy service. But he was not among the early worshippers. Nor did he appear for the nine o'clock mass attended mostly by school children. It remained that he must offer his devotion at one of the late masses, unless it happened that this Sabbath he elected to go to another church.

She thought she struck upon an ideal way of meeting him. Had she dared she could have disregarded convention and gone to his home any eve-

ning. She knew where he lived. She also knew where he maintained his office. But knowledge of addresses did not suppose she could visit on the slimmest pretext, press attention at an ill-suited time. On a Sunday morning, however, during an hour he set aside for worship, he would less likely be displeased. Then, too, it was imperative that she see him. It probably would be months before she would meet him again at the Shalimar, months before Flo Wilmar might invite her as a house guest at a time co-incident with a short stay by the doctor. And she was far from a state of heart that would smile at long waiting. She was anxious to see the man, anxious to talk to him, anxious to have him understand she was the reverse of a pretty butterfly, a woman who had reason to be frank with him.

At five minutes to ten she saw him. He arrived on foot, turned the corner of the street north of the church, paused a moment to exchange greetings with a nun who stood near a band of children. She guessed the pleasant words he said to the pious woman, waited until he ascended the church stairs and disappeared within. Then she quit her post, followed after him.

Inside the church she scanned the pews, tried to locate him. The surroundings were strange to her; it was her first visit to a Catholic house of wor-

ship. Too, it was her first visit to a church of any denomination since her high school days. The place bewildered her, what with so many people genuflecting, what with so many making the Sign of the Cross, what with so many concentrated in prayer and mindless of their neighbors, and what with so beautiful an altar the center of all attraction. Finally she saw him down a side aisle and in a pew far toward the front, his head bowed in prayer, his attitude that of a man conscious of a Blessed Presence.

She went to where he sat, and, imitating the act performed by hundreds, genuflected before she entered the pew. In another moment she was beside him, her shoulder touching his shoulder as she kneeled down. He continued undisturbed with his prayers. At the late masses, when the church invariably was crowded, it was common for strangers to be pressed close together in one pew, and only a minority resented their cramped seat. Therefore it was not surprising Baxter paid no attention to whoever sat beside him. However, when his neighbor deliberately laid a hand on his arm and caught his eye, he did turn with a rather curious expression. Surprise lighted his face as he recognized her.

"Paul," she whispered, "I'm a non-Catholic, and I haven't any idea what you do here." A smile brightened her features. "Be my guardian angel."

He took a prayer book from his coat pocket, put it in her hands, opened it to the thumbled pages containing the ordinary of the mass. "Read what you can of that," he said quietly. "Follow the others in their actions."

She nodded.

She saw him receive Holy Communion. Tears moistened her cheeks while he was at the rail. There was a dignity about all this, a dignity that told her Baxter's faith was genuine, and she feared she had wasted opportunities, dropped a treasure that could sustain her when difficulties pressed heavy. Now, too, she was glad she had the courage to quit her job, give up the career which won her praise and worldly honor, and a minimum of happiness. It had been a hard job to hold and with it retain true self-respect. Dancers were always suspect of easy virtue. Men had pawed her, had tried to take advantages, had laughed at her protests. Not a few of the wealthy thought she could be bought, could be kept as a mistress. And not a few of the less financially cushioned imagined that with drinks and flattery she would permit herself a lark. How little did they know her. How little did they know any woman who adhered to chastity and, equally, to a principle.

To one like herself who in her particular way knew much about men and more about the life of the show world, it was good to have a friend of Baxter's character, a man who publicly avowed his religion and its influence on his behavior. During the three years of their friendship he had never once said the wrong word or suggested he could stoop to trifling with a woman. A healthy graciousness marked his manners—and now she saw where he obtained his strength.

"Please, I don't want you to be cross with me," she said when the mass ended and when they were leaving the narthex. "I simply felt I had to see you, to see you where you would least expect me."

"Well, I can't have you arrested for it," he answered. He held her arm as they descended the stairs and wove a passage through the throng. "You did surprise me. First time in a Catholic church, eh?"

"Yes, first time," she said. "And I loved every bit of it. Never imagined it was so beautiful. It made praying so easy—and, Paul, I've never prayed much."

He smiled. "Not a bad habit once you get the hang of it," he said. "Try it in private someday. It kind of takes the rocks off the road we have to travel."

"I never thought of it that way," she said. She had an afterthought, but Baxter was already showing indecision whether he should turn at the nearest corner. "I'll drive you home, if you let me." She said it eagerly. "My car is right over there. Anyway, I want so much to have a talk with you."

"Very well." He was pleasant about it. "My home is only three blocks north of here. Sure you're not trying to inveigle yourself into a dinner?"

"Of course not." She appreciated the jest. "Or are you insinuating?"

"Well, no," he replied. "However, since we do have dinner shortly after twelve, I'm of a mind to invite you. Would you accept the invitation? My chef mentioned we are to have sauerkraut and pig's knuckles today."

She laughed. He certainly was facetious, acted unlike the night at the Shalimar. Then he was serious, very serious; and his departure connoted he would dread meeting her again. Or was he at this moment pretending, essaying the role of the perfect gentleman? "I accept," she said.

Toyo opened the door, and Baxter introduced her to the Japanese. She curtsied, though he puzzled her. The doctor said the little yellow man was his house manager, but their banter hardly indicated he considered him a servant.

The real surprise was when Toyo ushered her into the parlor and she saw a girl setting table in the adjoining dining room. Baxter called her by name, and the girl came to him.

"Frances," he said, "it is my pleasure to introduce you to one of my friends, Miss Irene Dumont. Miss Dumont, this is my daughter, Frances."

Daughter? This tall, pretty girl his daughter? Well! She had heard and had been told he was a widower—but, a daughter! How was it they kept the secret this long from her?

"Why, I hardly believe it," she said. "Such a lovely girl, and the doctor has never spoken to me about you. My dear, I'm delighted. Indeed, you're a surprise."

Frances blushed. "I guess you don't know father," she said. "He has loads of friends who think they know him—and then he brings them to our home, and surprise! Sure, I'm dad's girl, but you wouldn't suspect it the way he shoves me and Toyo in the background." She playfully poked a finger into the servant's ribs. "We're real martyrs in this house, aren't we, Chinky?"

"Shh, don't incur the great man's wrath," laughed Toyo. "Who are we to spoil his limelight?"

"Well, I admit I don't often talk about them," said Baxter, "but I sure don't hide them, either. Here they are, my family! I hope you like them."

His emphasis of 'my family' flowered Irene's suspicion that he was using this opportunity and this means of blotting from her mind her previous notions about him. He was a father; he had a grown daughter; he was not inclined toward a second marriage. Romancing was not for him at his age; and, perhaps, tucked somewhere among his thoughts was an idea that a woman who on one score might consider him in marriage, might on another score resent the fact of becoming stepmother to a girl who apparently was of legal age. Marriage implied new children—and he already had a child with a babyhood so far behind her that the difference in age between her and the next would likely cause salacious gossip about his fatherhood. Still, that could not be the whole answer. The feeling returned to her that he was hiding a deeper reason, that, if he so far kept her ignorant about Frances, he kept equally well another secret.

The dinner was a pleasant affair. They all talked; they all said nothing very important. Toyo told several stories, and it was hard to imagine he was only a servant. He did serve one or two courses, but so did Frances, and it was Baxter himself who fetched the coffee and dessert. It seemed they took turns waiting upon one another; they were that informal. Certainly they were a relief from people

who patently tried to create fancy impressions, and Irene felt confident that between themselves they always had a jolly time. The thought would have never entered her mind that in reality Frances covered a sad heart, that Baxter's beat like through a bruising nightmare. Had he not offered his communion that morning for the intention of his child, prayed that her mistake would yet culminate happily?

Not until the dinner ended and Toyo and Frances removed to the kitchen to wash the dishes and put the culinary department in order did Irene have her chance for a heart to heart talk with Baxter. They were in the parlor then, sitting on the comfortable davenport, Baxter puffing lazily on his pipe, the dancer watching him with an amused mien.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said.

"No, forget that," he answered. "Let this be a pleasant visit."

"Do you think I can have it only a visit?" she asked. "You're neither so dumb nor so blind, Paul, that you can't grasp why I wanted to see you. Why? Was it so terrible for me to say that?"

"No, I don't think anything of the kind," he said slowly. "It simply happened to strike me in a sore spot. And, as for being dumb and blind—that is precisely what I want to be."

"Why?" She emphasized the question.

"Because I find it convenient," he returned.

"Which is not saying very much." Irene scrutinized his face. "At the risk of seeming foolish and putting myself in an embarrassing spot, may I ask why your attitude toward me has always been one of great reserve?"

"I'm afraid your imagination has played you tricks," he said. "What did you expect of me?"

"The same interest you knew I found in you." It was a meditated frankness. "You're a man of experience, Paul; you understand people. Fooling you would be very hard; you're too apt to peer through the surface. I'm not merely sure, but I'm also very positive you knew right at the beginning that I admired you, that I waited for you to give me the privilege of knowing you better. Will you say you were utterly blind?"

"Of course not," he replied. "But why should you have selected me for your particular target? After all, you've always had plenty of your own admirers—and what would you be wanting with an old duffer like myself?"

She smiled a guileless smile. "There was something about the old duffer that made me love him." She paused. "I still love him. And I shall be so bold as to say I'm not ashamed of the initiative I've displayed." She paused again. "When men love a certain woman, they pursue her. Is a woman to

stand idle when she loves a certain man and he shows no interest in her?"

Baxter laughed. "Well, your logic is good," he averred. "But, my dear lady, doesn't it occur to you that some men are naturally indisposed to love and matrimony?"

"Paul, I shan't have you laugh at me," she said. "I know when a thing sounds silly and when it doesn't. All men find women either a necessity or a convenience to either their lives or their careers. It's improbable you could be the exception in a thousand. What I believe, and I would stake my honor on it, you've always been interested in me, but you never dared to betray it. There is something you'd rather hide from me, and that something is what holds you in a shell when you're near me. Tell the truth, you've always liked me very much, haven't you? Be honest with me, this once."

The doctor contemplated the bowl of his pipe, tapped a nervous finger against the arm of the davenport. "It's true, I always have liked you very much." He avoided her gaze. "You are a beautiful woman, and I'm not above admiring physical beauty. A beautiful woman can upset a man, can unsteady him. True, I soon learned you also had intelligence. Too, you also proved yourself a very charming sort, a splendidly feminine woman. Your combination of graces compelled me to like you. But, to like a person is one thing; to love that person is entirely another matter. I've never felt that I in any manner loved you or that I could interest myself enough to love you. To always have you for a friend, yes. Anything else, no."

"That isn't the whole truth," said the dancer. "You realize it as well as I do that no woman could content herself with merely being, as you say, a friend. What you're trying to tell me, Paul, is only a half-truth. The other half of that truth is that for some reason or other you're afraid of me, afraid that to have me you'd first have to tell me more about yourself than you have told others. For instance, you're a widower—but not until an hour ago did I learn you had a grown child. Why did you hide that fact?"

"It's remarkable the way you're trying to read into me," he said. "But, please, don't try to read too far. The answer wouldn't be what you'd expect. If I am hiding anything from you, I certainly must have a good reason for doing so. Anyway, it isn't always to the best for a woman to know too much about a man. Disillusion hurts, and she may find herself with a little worse than a broken heart. As for the fact that I have a daughter—well, does every man always talk about his family? You're but one of many who has not heard of Frances, and I can't say I deliberately keep her under cover. I

don't recall I ever discussed my private life while in your company."

"I wish I were that clever at explanations," said Irene. "Paul, I actually believe you're having fun at my expense."

"No, I'm not," he said soberly. "I only want you to understand certain things in the best manner I can tell them."

"In other words, there are also certain other things you don't want me to hear about," said the dancer. "They are at the center of your shell; they are the wall between us. Are they such that you can say it is impossible to feel the least of affection toward me?"

He turned around, looked at her for a long minute. "You're a lovely person," he said earnestly, "and I beg you to believe I wouldn't under any circumstances trifle with you. But I also beg you to realize I'm not the marrying kind. I don't want to love any women. Affection, as you understand it, is a quality I haven't got, a quality I don't care to possess, and, unless I go absolutely haywire, I'll do without it."

Irene lowered her glance. It was difficult to answer him readily when each word he uttered left two unspoken. Yet the initiative she had taken would not permit her to hesitate in midstream. "I'll wait until you go haywire," she said quietly. "You're flesh and soul, not wood and iron, and I'll hold you in my heart until you stop being afraid, until you tell me—" The sentence dangled unfinished; Toyo had entered the room.



At the Crib

Omnipotence, Whose might would crush all forms
Were it not harnessed by the Virgin blessed;
Thou Lord of Worlds, constrained by tender arms;
Who feedest all, nursed at a mother's breast!
Yet e'en this weakness Thine revealeth Thee,
For it bids angels, shepherds, star, and kings.—
Oh bid my heart; Oh bend my stubborn knee;
Draw from my sear'd eyes repentant springs.

Albert Kleber, O.S.B.

For Christmas Gifts Try These

Riley M. Fletcher Berry

FOR THREE simple types of Christmas gifts I have found enthusiastic appreciation. Of these certain little pillows have inspired the most lasting gratitude. Those of usual size for porch or living-room are often welcome presents but for some of special appeal which come into the difficult, questioning category of what to give children, invalids of any age or convalescents, use your inventive genius in making miniature pillows of odd shapes.

For a chronically tired or aching back make a long, narrow one—6 x 16 inches, more or less—: just the right size to slip under that hollow for which ordinary pillows are too large. And a pillow (or a pair of them) small enough to place under a knee weary of lying flat will lift with restful relief. About 7 x 9 is a good size for this. Somewhat larger ones will refreshingly brace a tired hip or prop a sleepless head at a soothing slant.

Children, sick or well, love tiny pillows and by merely giving them amusing or endearing names they will become inspiring personalities which may magically materialize sleep or appetite. Stitched faces are unnecessary. A small nephew of mine adores gayly-garbed "Martha Jane" and "Nancy Kate," which although others may think are mere matter-of-fact little pillows his imagination has endowed them with quite human allure.

Kapok makes an excellent filling which, if necessary, may be replaced at trifling cost and requires only inexpensive white cotton cloth for the casing. The secret of giving style and lasting satisfaction to these tiny pillows is to make several gay, washable slips for each. Then, like those for grown-up beds, covers can be often changed for freshness and the pillows kept clean.

For the smallest square or rectangular pillows snaps may fasten the open side of each but for others make slips just enough longer than the pillows to cover well yet not be in the way. This is simpler and saves both sewing and snapping.

II

GRAPEFRUIT STRAWS

GRAPEFRUIT "straws" in red and green, laid in alternate rows, make the most Christmassy gift imaginable. A single layer in a gay holiday handkerchief box of even the smallest size means quite a good many straws and is "as pretty as a picture." Or one may prefer two or more layers

in effective rectangular boxes of smaller dimensions.

Never use thin rind for straws; choose that which is medium-thick. If whole fresh grapefruit is the stand-by it should be on your table save the (halved) rinds; cut again in two, wash well and place just as they are in a panful of cold water (to well cover). For it is easier to remove membrane and blemishes and to cut up the rind later when softened.

Bring to boiling point and continue for at least twenty minutes then drain and repeat until rind is tender enough to pierce with a strong straw. (Using thin rind and insufficient cooking are fatal mistakes). Only thoroughly tender straws can be a success. Now carefully scrape out membrane and cut rind into "straws" from two to four inches long and at least a half-inch wide or they will break. Rind-blemishes may prevent cutting all of it into conventional straws but you will find triangular inch-pieces (or larger) of practical help as fillers.

Place drained peel in a rather shallow vessel, only about a pint at a time. For each full pint add a level teaspoonful of salt, which vastly improves flavor of the finished product. On top of the straws pour a pint of sugar and enough water to cover (about three cups). Let boil a few minutes then add coloring. For the darker, real Christmas-green shade about two teaspoonsful of liquid green vegetable coloring will be needed; for red about half as much.

Cook carefully until syrup is almost cooked away but toward the last be sure to carefully and often insert a fork to prevent sticking; otherwise the peel will burn or toughen. Take from stove and with skimmer or slit spoon (so that the syrup drops off pretty thoroughly in the lifting) remove straws to a hard flat surface. Very heavy paper is excellent as any possibly superfluous syrup can easily be scraped up with a knife and re-used. (If you put the straws at once into sugar as sometimes advised you will have gobs of moist sugar difficult to re-cook). The straws will very quickly dry on the paper; then dip into granulated sugar (Some prefer the powdered) and put on a clean dry plate. I prefer them flat but they can be cris-crossed. Pack at leisure.

You may add powdered ginger to taste to the syrup or to the sugar in which the straws are

dipped for variety, although usually the plain type is best liked. But never add lemon juice to the syrup or it will prevent quick drying.

Sugar paper-scrappings may be put with any syrup left in the pan and cocoanut or chopped nuts added with a few cut marshmallows or one-fourth teaspoon cream of tartar and enough water to cook into a "candy" syrup. To prevent "sugaring," roll into tiny balls and you will have an extra confection.

III

DECORATED CARTONS

DECORATED Christmas cartons are very fetching creations and may be used for Grapefruit Straws, Fudge, Peppermint lozenges; also for jelly and marmalade.

Use half-pint ice-cream cartons of the heavy, round, leakless kind with close-fitting lids. If to be filled with jelly or marmalade do this before decorating, leaving a half-inch, or less, at top for paraffin as with glass containers. If for confections decorate, instead, before filling.

Give the sides of carton-tops a heavy coating of either gold or aluminum paint, being sure this also fills the crack around the flat tops inside. You can do the same for the lower part or decorate them with strips of gay paper in solid or mixed colors. Small-figured (not too light in tone) wall-paper or the bright background or margins of magazine advertisements are artistic.

Be sure the paste is a "stick-tight" type and use care or it or damp-fingers will ruin the strips. Also be sure that gold or silver-paint is thoroughly dry before taking the second step. (Set them aside a day for safety's sake).

Old Christmas cards make beautiful tops if the figures or scenes are small enough to be adaptable. Picturesque post-cards are also practicable. Make a pattern first by placing a carton-top on stiff paper or cardboard, pencilling around it and then cutting to exactly fit inside the top. It must be large enough, else you will have an ugly bare margin around the pasted top or, if too large, a crinkled, awkward edge.

When you are sure that the pattern itself is perfect lay it over whatever picture you intend using and again outline the edge with pencil. Cut out and paste on firmly. Sometimes just a picturesquely printed verse of Christmas greeting may be substituted for a conventional Christmas scene. And tiny figures or a little verse may be pasted effectively on the lower part of the already decorated cartons.

Firm jelly or marmalade will carry safely through the mails without boxing if wrapped with stiff paper. But be sure the contents are firm: too solid to soften in the possible heat of mail-pouches. And never use any candy as a filler that may get soft or sticky and "run."



FOR JUNIOR KNIGHTS

Why God Became A Baby Boy

EACH YEAR the priest finds the answer to this question in his breviary. He is transported back to the fifth century, into the city of Ravenna, in central Italy, where he hears the mighty voice of the orator of "golden speech," St. Peter Chrysologus, saying:

"Christ came to take our weakness upon himself and to give us his strength; he came to seek things human and to bestow things divine; he came to receive insults and to confer honors in turn; he came to bear man's worries and to bring him health. He came, because a physician who is not subject to sickness cannot restore health to the sick.

"If Christ, therefore, had remained in his omnipotence he would have nothing in common with men. Had he not assumed the conditions of the human body, in vain would be his assumption of our flesh. The Creator of all things, the Lord of the universe, after he had confined himself within the narrow limits of our flesh, began to have a native country, and to be a Jewish citizen. He, the parent of all parents, assumed human parentage that his love might invite us, that his charity might attract us, that his affection might overwhelm us, and that his kindness might conquer us."

Gilbert Hess, O.S.B.

MASS DREAMS

Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.

WHEN we say we are "going to Mass" we are often ignorant of just where we are going, at least in mind. As proof of this statement I can cite the following personal experience. Several days ago I signed myself with the priest at the altar as he began the Mass that I was attending—in body. My train of thought, of which God must have been the engineer, took me to the terminal station of all human desires—God Himself. It ran like this.

God can have no new thought. To have a new thought would imply that a perfection is being added to Him who is already limitlessly perfect. An implied added perfection would imply an existing imperfection, both of which are ruled out by God's infinite perfection. Therefore from all eternity puny, insignificant, less-than-nothing "I" existed in God's mind. He *always* saw me as I was, as I now am, as I shall be one day and forever. He saw and planned my creation, my redemption, my sanctification and ultimate salvation. *My ultimate salvation!* What goes to the saving of a human soul? What is involved in its being saved?

As answer to my question there was flashed on the screen of my memory, like the apparently moving panorama viewed from a train window, the significant tabulation of Father Faber. "In the first place, it was absolutely necessary that God should become man, in order that that soul should be saved, according to the dispensation of God. It was absolutely necessary that Jesus should be born, teach, act, pray, merit, satisfy, suffer, bleed, die, for the saving of that single soul. It was necessary that there should be a Catholic Church, faith, Sacraments, Saints, the Pope, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, for that one soul. It was necessary that there should be a supernatural gift, a marvellous participation of Divine Nature, called sanctifying grace, and that on this should be accumulated loving acts and impulses of the Divine Will, in the shape of manifold actual graces, preventing, accompanying, following, and efficacious; else that soul cannot be saved. Martyrs must die, doctors must write, Popes and councils must expose and condemn heresy, missionaries travel, priests be ordained for the safety of that single soul. When all these preparations are completed, and by an act of merciful omni-

potence that soul is created out of nothing, then there must be a Guardian Angel appointed over it; all through its life Jesus must be occupied about it; Mary must have a great deal to do with it; all the

Angels and Saints must pray and interest themselves about it. To every good thought, pious word, and devout action, and, of course, they soon come to be innumerable, a participation of the Divine Nature, grace, must concur. Unseen evil spirits have to be warded off from it, and foiled in their attempts upon it. Hourly tempta-

tions have to cause more or less emotion among its advocates in heaven. Every attribute of God vouchsafes to legislate for its advantage, so that it plays upon them all like one who fingers the keys of a musical instrument. The Precious Blood has to be communicated to it through extraordinary Sacraments, which are full of mystery, and were invented both as to form and matter by our Lord Himself. All sorts of things, water, oil, candles, ashes, beads, medals, scapulars, have to be filled with a strange indefinable power by ecclesiastical benedictions in its behalf. The Body, the Soul, and Divinity of the Incarnate Word have to be communicated to it over and over again till it becomes quite a common occurrence, though each time it is in reality a more stupendous action than the creation of the world. It can speak up to heaven, and be heard and obeyed there. It can spend the satisfactions of Jesus as if they were its own, and can undo bolts and bars in Purgatory, and choose by its own determinate will whom it will liberate, and whom it will pass over. Moreover, all the time it is so near to God, and its heart is a place so sacred and so privileged, that none but God Himself can communicate grace to it, not even the Angels, nor the Mother of God herself, blessed throughout all ages. All this goes to the salvation of a soul. To be saved it has to be God's child, God's brother, and to participate in God's nature."

My train of streamlined thought would have swished along to—had not the tinkling of a bell brought my wandering mind back to earth and recalled my attention to the progress of the Sacrifice on the altar. It was as though the Conductor had touched me gently on the shoulder and whispered into my ear: "You are not yet saved." I looked up

Vitamin D

Perverse and fickle human will!
"A man is what he eats," 'tis said.
I eat God's Flesh as daily Bread,
Yet am so human still.

Placidus S. Kempf, O.S.B.

Catholicism, What it Means to Me*

Doris Standish

A CATHOLIC is a millionaire whose treasures are stored where neither moth nor rust can consume, and where thieves do not break through to steal. His financial conditions may be unfavorable and yet, his wealth far surpasses that of any king, because by his baptism, he is made a child of the King of kings. From his loving Father the child receives the priceless gift of grace giving him the right to commune with the Divine and promising him life everlasting. A Catholic need only to lift his eyes of faith towards the Creator and cry, "I thirst!" and straightway as ascends the plea, the Dove descends to quench the thirsting soul with Divine Blood. Never is a Catholic tormented by the pangs of hunger that gnaw the heart of a wandering soul, seeking entrance into the Church. Nor does the fervent Catholic fear the sweeping shadows of death. To him, it is a gate opening into a city more magnificent than mortal mind can picture. Death brings him in union with the Divine family to which he really belongs.

The Queen of this royal family is the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of all Christians. Into her tender arms she takes the distressed and consoles them, the sick and heals them, the weary and comforts them. Never has she been implored in vain. She is the true friend of the friendless.

Besides the blessing of a gracious Father and a tender Mother, a Catholic enjoys the true Brotherhood of Jesus Christ. He and the Catholic journey through life, hand in hand. Joy radiates from the heart of Christ into the soul of his frail, human brother. In fact, joy appears to me to be the outstanding characteristic of Catholicism. There is joy

in living, joy in giving, joy even in suffering. For, when shadows hang heavily darkening the life of the true Catholic, above and about him ever glows the sunshine of the Savior's smile. Deep in his soul there lies that peace that the world vainly strives to give, and falling shadows merely scale the surface of his personality, but leave his soul confident always.

When I allow my thoughts to stray, as I sometimes do, I fancy the Catholic Church to be a mansion of a millionaire. And I, a wandering beggar, am drawn to it by the dazzling light which streams from its windows. With my lorn face pressed against the glass, I watch the family sup. Oh! Unlike the crumbs I relish, they feast on food my lowliness deems me unworthy to touch. They commune with One whose splendor blinds my sight. Their joy, their peace, their fireside are the very things I crave. I must, I will beg entrance, and I turn my footsteps toward the door. But even as I do so, the neighbor's ferocious mongrel bounds around the corner and snatches me from my goal. Though my competitor is not my match and I seem to beat the air madly, yet I will not give up the combat, no matter what the cost. Swooning on the threshold, I will lie there till the dawn when He will open wide the door and bear me gently in.

Oh! Church of Christ, my guiding star, you spell eternity to me. For with you, life is but the road to death and death the road to life.

* *Progressive Aids to Catholic Education* (1940) p. 63. Written by a sixteen year old non-Catholic girl attending a Catholic academy.

into the Face of my Savior in the elevated Sacred Host. He seemed to repeat for my sluggish comprehension the ominous words: "You are not yet saved." So, that is the reason for Your daily mystic death, my good Savior! Your death on the cross earned for me a passport to heaven and the means necessary to reach that happy haven. You have done Your part with divine liberality, yes, divine prodigality. Many graces have been wasted on my soul's salvation in the past. I have forgotten

what You have done for me. I have forgotten, neglected, cared little about my only real duty on earth—to save my soul by serving You alone. Hence You give me this daily reminder of Your divine extravagance and my sinful negligence. At each Holy Mass you call out to me: "You are not yet saved." You will repeat Your sacrifice and this reminder until my soul passes from time into eternity. Shall I *then* be saved? I shall if I will. I WILL.

Lumena Pax Tecum Fi

(Saint Philomena)

Eugene Spiess, O.S.B.

A JUNIOR Nun living with Mother Drexel at their Convent in Cornwells, Pa., requested the writer to give a full account of all that is known concerning St. Philomena and publish the same in the pages of THE GRAIL. The Nun in question made this request through her mother, a lady living in New Jersey.

At the very outset of this article I desire to inform the readers of THE GRAIL that I recall listening very closely to a lecture given by Signor Maruchi, a disciple of the famous archeologist De Rossi, speaking relative to the tomb of St. Philomena. In his lecture Maruchi claimed that his examination of this tomb showed that it had been opened on one occasion, prior to its being opened when the relics were found and the bones examined by physicians who found them to be the bones of a little girl about 12 or 13 years old.

On May 25th, 1802, workmen discovered this tomb in the ancient Apostolic cemetery, the Catacomb of St. Priscilla, which Catacomb is to the northeast of Rome on the ancient Via Salaria. Pope Pius VII, the former Benedictine Abbot Barnabas, permitted the cult of the little virgin and martyr. Pope Leo XII, in 1827 presented to the church of Mugnano the earthen tiles that had formed the little Saint's tomb and on these tiles the inscriptions were engraved. Pope Pius VII donated the relics of St. Philomena to the church at Mugnano near Naples, and on June 8, 1805, her relics were taken there. In consequence of the wonderful favors granted to the faithful at Mugnano the devotion to St. Philomena spread so rapidly that Pope Gregory XVI, after due investigation, appointed her feast-day—September 9th.

On the tiling that formed the walls of the tomb that was covered with a heavy stone, the inscription can be read "Lumena Pax Tecum Fi." Maruchi held that the plates were inserted in the wrong order by parties who had opened the grave and should read "Pax Tecum Filumena." To any one seeing this

inscription it also becomes evident that the "Fi" and "Lumena" were not engraved by the same party who wrote "Pax Tecum" on this tiling. It would appear as if the party who wrote the "Fi" and the "Lumena" did so in a hurry, somewhat carelessly.

It also appears very strange that the relics of this martyr should rest not far from the tomb of Aquila and Prisca, the Jewish Christian couple of whom St. Luke speaks in his Acts of the Apostles, the couple in question being friends of both St. Peter and St. Paul. Still more strange than that is the fact that no ancient Christian records are to be found in early Christian writings concerning this little one, whereas, so much is found concerning another little one, St. Agnes. And, mark well, St. Agnes was not buried in what we might call the aristocratic Christian Catacomb that existed in Apostolic days, the Catacomb of St. Priscilla. Who knows, the child martyr of whom we speak must have been very little known. It is possible that she was a stranger to the Romans.

Kirsch, a theologian and Christian archeologist in the University of Freiburg, speaks of a vision of a pious Nun in Naples had to whom, so it is said, the Saint and martyr made known her identity telling the Nun exactly who she was. Kirsch refers to this vision as an "alleged vision" or "revelation." Although Catholics in America do not hold that the university at Freiburg about a century ago had the best reputation, because of its Jansenistic and Josephistic leanings, yet, had Kirsch any certainty of the truth of the alleged revelation, Kirsch being a scholar, would have told us so.

In the *Lives of the Saints* written by Father Wenninger, a Jesuit, who died in Cincinnati in 1888 after spending forty years preaching and giving missions in all States of our Union, we read of this revelation alleged to have been made by St. Philomena to a Neapolitan Nun. The writer quotes from Fr. Wenninger's work and gives the vision or revelation as given by Fr. Wenninger: "We relate

it here," writes the Jesuit Father, "not as a *divine revelation*, but only as a communication from a pious trustworthy soul."

"My dear Sister," said Philomena to this Nun, who was, one day, in an ecstasy, praying before her image. "I am the daughter of a prince who governed a small State in Greece. My mother was also of royal descent. As my parents had no issue and were idolators, they continually prayed to their god and offered many sacrifices to obtain a child.

In our family there lived a physician named Publius. He is now in heaven although he died not a martyr. Having pity on the blindness of my parents and the grief of my mother, he, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, took courage and spoke to my father and mother of our holy Faith, and promised them that they would be blessed with a child, if they were to receive baptism. . . . They both became Christians. Soon after, my mother gave birth to me in the beginning of the year, on the 10th of January. . . ." Fr. Wenninger here inserts an explanation saying that the year was not mentioned but Philomena says she suffered under Diocletian, whose persecution lasted from 284 to 303. We continue to quote from the alleged vision.

"My mother named me Lumena, Filumena, namely, a daughter of that light which was beaming in my soul by the grace received in holy baptism." (*Fi* is an abbreviation of *Filia*, daughter.)

"The love of my parents, especially that of my father, towards me was indescribable. He could not be an hour without me. Hence, when I was 13 years old he took me with him to Rome whither he had to go on account of an unjust war with which he was menaced by the proud and haughty Emperor Diocletian. My poor father, far below the tyrant in power, went to him to sue for peace."

In the alleged vision St. Philomena now goes on to tell of how the lewd and cruel Diocletian fell in love with her, and how she resisted all his entreaties, having made the vow of virginity to the Lord Jesus. She then gives an account of the cruel tortures she was made to suffer, and how the Lord Jesus saved her each time. Diocletian became enraged and attributing all the miracles that happened to witchcraft, he had St. Philomena beheaded.

The great Jesuit Father Wenninger says, "We relate it here, not as a divine revelation, but only as a communication from a pious and trustworthy soul." Fr. Wenninger leaves us in the dark as to his proof that it was a pious trustworthy soul whom he has quoted in his *Lives of the Saints*.

Alas, kind reader, the writer of these lines is well aware of a purely fictitious and romantic account of the martyrdom of St. Philomena by a canon of the church in Mugnano, Di Lucia by name. The

writer is also perfectly aware that St. Philomena is not mentioned in any of the ancient sources. Men found her tomb with the peculiar inscription "*Lumena Pax Tecum Fi*." And, men, by the thousands were witnesses to the wonders that happened in connection with her relics especially at Mugnano and at Ars in France. The Church celebrates her feast on September 9th each year.

Yet, Maruchi claimed that this tomb had once been opened. With his master De Rossi, Maruchi claimed that the style of the "*Pax Tecum*" is of the second half of the second century. "*Lumena*" and "*Fi*" were put out of order when men again closed the tomb that had been opened. *Fi* and *Lumena* were engraved by some one who knew little or nothing of the Style *Pax Tecum* happened to be engraved in.

St. Philomena being of Grecian birth was, evidently, known to but few Christians in Rome. Hence all ancient sources are silent in Rome. But here is the difficulty: Why are ancient Grecian sources also silent relative to this alleged Grecian princess? Why are the ancient Grecian Church Fathers so silent about this alleged Princess? They are not silent when they speak of other Grecian martyrs.

It is therefore possible, if we believe the alleged vision that some one else rested in the tomb out in the Apostolic cemetery. It was then opened to receive the remains of the alleged little Princess. The "*Pax Tecum*" belonged and had reference to the person who was buried in that tomb before St. Philomena. The "*Lumena*" and the "*Fi*" were quickly engraved to indicate who now lies in that tomb. All this is possible. The very fact that St. Agnes received no burial in Christian Rome's most aristocratic cemetery, but St. Philomena received a burial there near the tomb of Aquila and Prisca, not so far from it, would seem to indicate that in the days of Diocletian Christians in Rome knew her to be a Princess and placed her remains in the princely Apostolic cemetery of St. Priscilla on the Salarian Way. All this is possible.

The writer can only say what scholars say—"We know nothing of St. Philomena's life that is based on reliable sources." The writer at times is inclined to say that *Philos* being the Greek for *Love*, and *mena* being a participle indicating a diminutive as "*little*," Philomena means "*Little Love*" or, in plain English, "*Darling*."

Do we know her real name? We only know one thing, Popes have instituted her feast, her cult, she being a virgin and martyr, and the miracles she wrought show her to be a great intercessor in heaven. We also know from her relics that she was a very young girl.



“A Virgin Shall Conceive”

Patrick Shaughnessy, O.S.B.

By the Virgin-birth, on the other hand, we mean that Christ was born of a virgin, of Mary, who was a virgin before the birth of Christ, at the moment of His birth, and forever afterwards. It is generally agreed that it was this thought of her virginity that troubled the Blessed Virgin when the Angel Gabriel announced to her that she was chosen to be the Mother of God. But the angel quickly settled her fears saying: “Fear not, Mary, for thou hast

found grace with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son; and thou shalt call his name Jesus.” Thus assured that her virginity would not suffer she answered gladly: “Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word.”

Nothing could be more fitting than that this most fortunate of all creatures should have remained the purest of virgins. Motherhood is an honorable state, and Mary, because

“I CANNOT see how any church can reject the doctrine of the virgin-birth and still remain Christian. To give up this doctrine is to give up everything.” This, in substance, was the statement of a non-Catholic layman to me. There were certain Catholic doctrines which he said he could not accept, such as the doctrine concerning Purgatory, but he insisted on the stand of the Catholic Church regarding Christ's birth from a virgin. Thus he differed from our modern rationalists, who want to take out of religion all that smacks of the supernatural—until, finally, they have no religion left, for a man-made religion can be no religion at all.

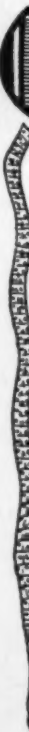
Sometimes those who have far less knowledge of their religion than they should have, confound the Virgin-birth with the Immaculate Conception. This latter doctrine, always taught—at least implicitly—by the Church, was solemnly defined by Pope Pius IX on Dec. 8, 1854.

By a wonderful coincidence—which is not so wonderful after all when one remembers that for God nothing happens by chance—it was only 3 years and 2 months later, in 1858, that the Blessed Virgin appeared at Lourdes to the little fourteen-year-old French girl Bernadette, and in answer to the girl's question regarding her identity, answered in the native dialect of the place: “I am the Immaculate Conception.”



THE GRAIL

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she was the Mother of God, became the model, the patroness, the ideal of all mothers. Motherhood finds in her its most perfect exemplar; no one will think of seeking another. But virginity, as St. Paul tells us, is something still better and in whom could the numberless virgins who were to follow Christ find a perfect model, their ideal and patroness, if not in this holiest of creatures. That they too, who give up so much for Christ, might not have a model inferior to that of mothers—and since they could not have one superior—nothing else remained but that this same perfect mother might also be the most perfect of virgins.

Virginity has always been admired, and rightly so. It is not merely a Christian sentiment; it is a characteristic flowing out of human nature itself, because human nature recognizes it as something high, noble, ideal, and heroic. Thus we are not surprised to find the pagans admiring virgins and having them to

keep burning the "eternal fire" to honor their gods. Christians, therefore, who naturally look for the greatest virtues in her who is their ideal because of her supremely elevated position as Mother of God, must expect to find the virtue of chastity in its most perfect form in her. One filled with a true Christian spirit cannot imagine the Mother of God otherwise than as a most pure virgin. Someone has said that to the Italians "La Vergine e il Bambino" (the Mother and the Child) are not merely historical figures, but real, living realities. This is true, and I am sure we may add that the virginity of Mary is so bound up with Mary herself in their minds—as well as in the minds of other Catholics—that it cannot be separated from her any more than she can be separated from the Divine Infant.

One of the characteristics which show forth the beauty of God in this world is variety. The greater the

variety in created beauty the more numerous are the mirrors in which we may see reflected God's greatness. Now in regard to the birth of man we see that the first man came into existence with the cooperation of neither father nor mother. And the second human being was taken from the side of Adam, as it were, there being no mother in the picture. Now in order that all the possibilities might find fulfillment in reality it was fitting that a man should be born from a mother alone, that there should be a birth in which no human father would have a part. Such a birth was that of Christ. And thus with His birth from a virgin all varieties of births find their place in the order of the universe.

More than 700 years before the birth of Christ the great prophet Isaiah had said: "Behold a virgin shall conceive and shall bear a son and his name shall be called Emmanuel." (Is. 7,14)

GOSPEL MOVIES BY P.K.

UP A TREE



"This day is salvation come to this house."

—St. Luke 19:9

Why did Jesus grant Zachaeus this look of love? No doubt because he lived up to his Hebrew name—"Zaccai—the Pure." Jesus was merely fulfilling the promise made in the sixth beatitude: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."—St. Matth. 5:8.

But Jesus did more than look on him. He bade him: "Make haste and come down; for this day I must abide in thy house."—St. Luke 19:5. Zachaeus had climbed up into a sycamore tree, whose name has been interpreted to mean "deceitful fig." The so-called pleasures of the impure are as satisfying to the soul as the dry, hard balls (figs) that grow on the sycamore tree are to the body's craving for food. Not in the house of the impure does God abide, but "in thy house, Zachaeus, who art named the 'Pure.'" Marriage rights do not include licentiousness, unchastity, and impurity. Because of these vices marriages go on the rocks, for God does not dwell in such a house, and without God there is no blessing and no salvation.

The QUEST for TRUTH

Richard Felix, O.S.B.

Why do Catholics not want to be called "Roman Catholics"?

The proper title of the Catholic Church is "The Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church," or simply "The Catholic Church."

The fiction to which some would hold that they are "Catholics" but not "Roman Catholics" finds no justification in history. There is but one Catholic Church and that is the Church founded by Christ our Lord and governed by His Vicar on earth, the Pope of Rome. Over a thousand five hundred years ago, the great St. Augustine, setting forth some of the reasons why he is a Catholic, declares that "the very name of Catholic holds him within the bosom of the Church, a name which in the midst of so many sects, this Church alone has rightly so held possession of, that though all sectarians would fain be called Catholics, still to the inquiry of any stranger, 'Where are the services of the Catholic Church held,' not one of these sectarians would dare to point to his own conventicle" (Contra Epis. Fund. Manich. c. 5). Would not the same question be answered in the same way today?

We seldom meet with the name "Roman Catholic" before the time of the Reformation in England. As used by the reformers, it was applied to the Catholic Church in only an offensive sense. Something of the same idea clings to the term today, and for that reason men of courtesy and culture refrain from using it in connection with the Catholic Church. Catholics here in the United States, as well as Catholics anywhere else in the world, are simply Catholics, not "Romanists" or "Roman Catholics." "Are you a Romanist?" said one to the inimitable Mister Dooley. "A what?" said Mister Dooley. "I mean, are you a Roman Catholic?" "No, thank God, I'm a Chicago Catholic."

What do you mean by the inspiration of the Bible?

The Council of Trent answers this question in these words: "The Church holds these books as sacred, not because they were composed by mere human industry and were

afterwards approved by her authority, nor merely because they contain revelation without error, but because, having been written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their author and as such have been delivered to the Church herself." The fact that Moses wrote the Pentateuch and that St. Luke wrote the third Gospel are facts of history. That God was the author inspiring both Moses and St. Luke is a fact that God must reveal if we are to know it. God has revealed it to man: and the Church, as God's Representative and Interpreter on earth, has made it clear to her children. This divine authorship, we call the Inspiration of the Bible. According to St. Thomas Aquinas, each book of the Bible has two authors acting as one, God as the first cause and man as his instrument; but not in such a way as to suppose that one part of the book comes from God only, and another part from man only. All comes from each, but each in a different manner. Thus we understand that the Bible is all from God as its source and all through man as its channel. It is not correct to say that the Bible is partly human and partly divine; it is all human because written by man and all divine because inspired by God. Hence, we may rightly speak of a joint authorship of the Bible, understanding always that God is the principal author.

What is meant by the treasury of the Church?

Instead of suffering all the pains of the Passion and dying that terrible death on the tree of the Cross, Christ could have saved us by a single word, by a mere act of His Divine Will decreeing our redemption. A simple act of His Will would have sufficed to blot out all the sins of mankind. But the love of Christ for us in something infinite, and for that reason He chose rather to undergo agony and pour out every drop of His precious Blood for our salvation. In His infinite love for us, He suffered a thousand times more than was necessary to save the souls of all the world. The infinite merits of

Christ together with the superabundant merits of Christ's Mother and of the Saints still exist, will always exist. They form a great spiritual treasury confided to the Church and accessible to every member of the Communion of Saints. As men who are stockholders in a great business corporation cooperate with each other toward a common purpose and share proportionately the profits of their concern, so the members of Christ's Mystical Body unite for one purpose, the glory of God and the salvation of souls, and according to their merits share in "the unsearchable riches of Christ" (Eph. 3:8).

Why is the Catholic priesthood so different from the protestant ministry?

The principal office of the priest is not to preach and baptize; this may be done by others properly delegated. The term "priest" suggests Sacrifice, which in turn suggests an Altar. In the Old Law the priesthood was instituted by God Himself, as were the sacrifices, and its members were selected from the one tribe of Levi. In the New Law Christ personally selected His clergy, and reminded them that they had not chosen Him, but that He had chosen them (John 15:16). So it would be after His death in the selection of successors of the Apostles (Acts 13:2).

The two important powers of the priesthood, namely, the power to forgive sin and to consecrate the elements of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of the Lord at Holy Mass, are conferred by the Sacrament of Holy Orders. These powers are needed for the cause of God on earth, and for the sanctification of man. God can be fittingly honored only by an infinite oblation; and while God Himself must provide that oblation, He can offer it only through human delegates. Then since sin is the only obstacle to Heaven there must be those on earth who are empowered to absolve in God's name. The first of the powers was conferred by Christ Himself on the Apostles at the Last Supper (Luke 22:19), and the other was bestowed on the day of His Resurrection (John 20:23).

Taking Life Too Seriously

Roy Palmer



BACK in the days when it was the custom in rural schools to devote Friday afternoons to recitations, I remember a barefoot lad, in a piping voice giving vent to the following speech; "There are two things we should not worry about; what we can help and what we cannot help." I thought it was the shortest speech I ever heard, not realizing how much territory it covered. Generally speaking we worry too much. The writer would not ignore the fact there are times for serious thought, nor would he advocate a life of frivolity. Let us consider three causes of too much seriousness, viz., over-confidence, misplaced confidence, and lack of any confidence at all.

First, overconfidence—the man who thinks he can beat the train to the crossing, and the candidate who adds up his tally sheet before election day belong to this category. Self-confidence is sometimes a valuable trait but often when we are most confident, we are mistaken.

One day as I was strolling through a cemetery I was attracted by this message carved on a monument; "How we miss you, Mother dear." If some of her loved ones had been with me they would have had a task finding her monument on account of the tall grass and rank weeds. It recalled to my mind that homely old adage, "The cow that bawls loudest soonest forgets her calf." Just how serious are we when we think we are most serious?

To read some of the modern advertisements is to laugh. According to the extravagant claims of some we see how a certain damsel, pining for her ideal, (quite by accident of course) discovers the love charm in the use of Ketchum's tooth-powder recommended by a friend and lo! she is transformed from a wall-flower into a bride. Another (a man) is just about petered out and ready for a berth in the hospital, but just before the ambulance arrives he happens to smoke a certain cigarette, changes his mind, and goes out to do the twelve labors of a Hercules. By the time he has smoked three, Samson looks like a piker to him. Eureka! How fortunate he made this discovery. The patent medicine man comes to town—a blackface comedian—a few songs—a two-act comedy—a lot of sick people. They almost suffocate this traveling druggist as they crowd around. Suddenly they realize he has

the very remedy they need. Later when he brings out some galvanic belts they need one of these too. And as evening wears on and he announces he has only two left there is a mad scramble to get one before all are gone. So it's away with the old buckeye they have been carrying for rheumatism! Yes "there's one born every minute." These are days when political candidates are having their inning. The polished politician suddenly becomes interested in the "dear peepul." He wrings his hands and weeps, then opens his brief case and takes out Pandora's box containing a panacea for relief of the tax-ridden, down-trodden populace. Away with the old buckeye, get a galvanic belt! Are the "dear peepul" taking all this seriously? Sometimes too much so I fear. Yes, misplaced confidence is the forerunner of taking life too seriously. So is superstition and witchcraft. A colored gentleman riding a bicycle along one of our streets recently saw a black cat in the act of crossing his path; he changed his course and rode two blocks out of his way to avoid having it cross in front of him. I was unable to learn if this colored gent had a rabbit's foot in his pocket or just what effect this fetish would have on the peregrinations of the cat.

It is almost incredible to think that witchcraft still exists but not very long ago a certain old man told us, with all seriousness, how he had tried to dispose of an old woman who had been tormenting him. He said he "cut down on her" with both barrels of his shotgun at close range but she scooped up the shot out of her apron and handed them back, saying "here you old—is your bullets." "But" said he, "I'll git her next time, for I'll boi(r)l my bullets in vinegar."



SOLD! The Gypsy's curse has set many to thinking seriously but when has the Gypsy's art ever helped to locate the fortune or to find the "strange dark man," the answer to a maiden's prayer?

Finally, lack of any confidence at all. Here we have the pessimist, the man who reads the sign "wet paint" then dabs his fingers in it too see if it's so. He is the centrifugal force that casts all good things to the wind. To say more would only be adding ciphers to a decimal, not enhancing the value.

All of which reminds me of a motto on the wall of a café—"Why take life so seriously? You'll never get out of it alive anyhow."

MEDITORIALS

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

Meditation is the nibbling of the soul in a well-stocked larder. Spiritual reading is one way of keeping the larder well-stocked.

God sent Nathan, a prophet, to David to tell him that he sinned and that he should repent. And David, mighty king, humbly struck his breast in admission of his guilt, clothed himself in sackcloth and ashes, and said: "Miserere"—O God, be merciful to me a sinner. Nathan, the prophet, is anyone that corrects us, points out our faults; and we, too, should look upon that one as sent by God and say: "Miserere."

As for Christ, so for us: The way of the Cross is the way to glory.

St. Paul tells us that sin is a mystery of iniquity. The key to this mystery is found in the greatest of these mysteries of iniquities—the crucifixion of Our Lord—"They know not what they do."

Since this world is a vale of tears, one must swim or drown.

Christ in the Holy Eucharist is a living Presence, a living Person, still willing and able to work miracles: to change water into wine, wine into Blood, bread into Flesh, sinners into Saints, troubled hearts into peaceful hearts, weak wills into strong wills, tepid love into a powerful, flaming, all-consuming love of Himself.

The Unjust Steward of the Gospel who said he was not able to dig and that he was ashamed to beg was not held up as a model to us by Our Lord for his fraudulent bookkeeping, but for his ingenuity, which in itself is a very excellent thing. Some saints were marvels of ingenuity when it came to contriving penances and mortifications for themselves and it is this kind of ingenuity that is praiseworthy and worthy of imitation.

Do you remember that very beautiful morning when you thrilled at the thought of Our Lord coming to you for the first time—and how you lifted your face to the ciborium as a flower to the sun, a pure face, a glad face?

Sometimes one word is like a world. One of these worlds is the word *humility*. It means excavation. One can dig a foundation with it and build a wonderful spiritual edifice. And one can dig his own grave with it. For one can dig to

build, and one can dig to die. One is Hope, the other is Despair. Hope brings the soul to God; Despair brings it to the depths of Hell.

One of the ancient supermen once said: Give me a fulcrum and a place to stand and I shall move the world. But prayer and a place to kneel will really move it. Why a place to kneel? Kneeling signifies humility.

God has told us thru the mouth of Job that life on earth is a warfare. Then why look for rest? Why give up because you have met with defeat—the war is not over yet! Why rest because you have been victorious—the war continues. While you have life, keep FIGHTING. One defeat has not lost the war, one victory has not won it—there are many more defeats as well as victories to be met yet!

One of the best arguments against predestination is from the lips of Our Lord Himself when He described how the Last Judgment would be. "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels." Hell was not prepared for man; therefore, how can he be predestined for it?

In the Epistle of the Mass for Ember Wednesday of the Fall Fast Days are the words: "For the joy of the Lord is our strength." Not food, but the joy of the Lord is our strength. A strong thought to lean upon if fasting makes us weak.

Knowledge of evil is a dangerous thing; for by such knowledge we are often led into it. If ignorance of evil is innocence, it is indeed true bliss.

Faith is to know of the treasures and gifts of the spiritual life; Hope is to realize the possibility of attaining them; Love spurs us on.

Merry Christmas

The Savior's born! Away
with sadness;
Let all the world to-day
breathe gladness!

A. K., O.S.B.

A fashion model at prayer at a Sunday Mass, altho not as inspirational as a statue of the Madonna, seems to attract more "prayerful" attention. Some seem to think that a pew in church is a seat for a fashion parade.

Are You Moving?

My old address —

Street

City State

My new address is, or will be

Street

City State

Signed

If you are moving, or have moved, do not fail to fill in and mail this notice to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana

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